

WAR CRY



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THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

VICTORY IN THE WEST!

Brigadier Margetts Reports a Hallelujah Tour. Sinners Getting Converted and Soldiers Sanctified.

WILLIAM AND PEARL DEDICATED.

A Splendid Budget of Soul-Saving News.



THE ROCKIES.



THE officers and cadets who are stationed in Winnipeg, and I, spent a most happy and profitable hour and a half together in prayer and counsel, the day previous to my DEPARTURE for the present trip. God drew near unto us, inspiring our souls with fresh faith and zeal, to make our efforts more effectual in pulling men out of the fire.

We also took advantage of the few minutes' stay at the Portage, Carberry, and Brandon depots, to get a chat in the interests of the war, and say "God bless you" to our comrades, Westcott, Captain Smith, and Adjutant Magee, who are still planning and pushing away to upset the devil's kingdom.

Arrived Moosemin 3:50 p.m. Looked up and down the depot platform two or three times, hoping to see a Salvationist of any description. Not one to be seen. Went direct to the barracks, which was dark and empty. HUSTLED up the Officers' quarters, to find no one at home. Tried to effect an entrance at doors both in front and at rear of building, but to no purpose. After some more searching, found Captain Flaws and the "faithful few" just at the tail end of a

COTTAGE PRAYER MEETING.

Just in time to give my testimony and have a word of prayer, etc., with them. Had a nice time the following night, but on account of having to catch the train our meeting was somewhat spoiled.

COTTAGE MEETINGS. Why don't we do more in this line? Many a sinner has been convicted, many a soul saved, and many a saint sanctified as the direct or indirect result of red-hot cottage meetings. I am hoping to hear of something being accomplished in this way before many days have passed by, and am

OUR HOLINESS COLUMN

DEATH CONSECRATION.

Notes of an Address by Mr. W. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the International Staff.

I want to begin by saying that I feel God has given my own soul a rich blessing. I feel like my little child. When my dear wife and I went home last night she went upstairs into her bed-room, and found our second child, little Mary, three years old, awake. She was kind of half-awake. She took her up in her arms and kissed her, and said, "Mary, I have given you quite away to Jesus to-night." Mary opened her eyes, looked up into her mother's face, and said,

"Oh, Mamma, it is Nice!"

So I feel to-night that I can look up into my Father's face, and I can say to Him, "Abba, Father, it is nice to be saved." Therefore I want to acknowledge before Him, to His praise and glory, that I believe He has given me a rich, big blessing in my own soul, and I will ask everybody to shout "Hallelujah!" for the blessing which has come to me—not for yourselves this time, but everybody for me! (The audience then responded with a shout.) Now you shall say "Hallelujah!" for yourselves altogether. (Another similar response from the audience.)

It is the Cross, now, that God wants to lead us up to. The scheme, the idea, the purpose, the plan of our redemption was not merely to accomplish the salvation of our souls—the salvation of my soul—but the underlying idea of the redeeming scheme was that He might lead us up. What for? To be followers of Christ. He was to be the first-born of many brethren. He was to tread the wine-press alone; He was to go to Gethsemane and Calvary; He was to be a man of sorrows and suffering; He was to die and be buried, and again to rise for His own sake, but on account of the sins of others.

He was to be the first-born of many brethren, in order to lead the way, in order to make the road plain, to make the path straight; so that we, poor and ignorant as the world is pleased to think us, and weak and feeble, and full of infirmities, might be able to follow in His footsteps; that we might be able to accomplish—to fill up, doesn't it say I—[to fill up] the measure of His suffering for a sinning world, and to bear about in our bodies the marks of His death, and to testify with our lives, and to give evidence by our lives, of the power of Divine love for a lost and perishing world. Then, my dear comrades, my brethren and sisters, I tell you to-night that that being God's purpose,

He is Blessedly Able to Carry it Out.

This is God's idea, His plan, His scheme—what He has described, in His own word, as being the grand, ultimate, highest and for which He has created and redeemed every soul in this place, in this vast audience. Oh, may God bring us up to it!

I have been thinking as I sat here of this sacrifice—this giving ourselves for the salvation of others; how is it to be accomplished? How are we going to get the power to make that sacrifice? We want to make it. I have looked into some of your faces to-night. On the corridors, and in this place to-night, I have felt that I could see in you a longing and yearning desire to accomplish something more for the salvation of men and the glory of God. I have seen it there, to-night, while talking to you. I see portaged on your faces, I read in your countenances, that you want to do something for this risen Jesus, for this Christ, this Man of Sorrows, who took the cup and drank it. I feel that your hearts are searching, and moved, and broken within you, with longings to do something for a perishing world. You want to do it, yet you don't realize the power to make that sacrifice. You want to do about those marks of His death: you want to fill up the measure of His sufferings; you want to realize the power of His redemption; you want to accomplish mighty things for the fallen and wretched, through which the Divine electricity shall pass from the throne of God, and from the heart of Christ to the down-trodden, fallen, suffering, and sinful world.

How are You to do it?

There comes into my mind the recollection

of a night I saw some time ago. I was visiting one of our soldiers, a woman, with a husband and five or six little children, who was dying. I had known her a little when she was up and about. I was asked to go and see her, and I went. She was a good woman, a dear child of Jesus Christ; an honest, laborious, industrious child of God, who, I believe, so far as I had opportunity of observing, served Him up to the measure of light she had with a single eye, and did her best to promote the objects He had at heart. Yet she was one of those people that served in sadness. She served Him with very little of that abounding joy of which he spoke to us this morning. When she was dying they asked me to go and see her. I went several times. There was a good soldier serving her. I went up into the small house she had in the east of London. At my first visit she seemed very sad and very quiet. I got very little sympathy for my question about her soul, about her children, and about how she felt. The next visit she seemed still more gloomy, and still more inclined to doubt the power of God and the power of Christ to deliver.

and I said to her, "I see that our sister is in a better condition of mind to-day. How is it? What is the change? What has brought about the change?" "Oh," she said, "it was about two o'clock yesterday morning, when she got up in bed and had all the children taken up and brought round her bed. She gave them all to God one by one; then she gave her husband to God; then she said to me, 'Now I have let all go, now I can trust my God, and the glory came into her soul.' I saw her again afterwards. She lived some time after that. I found no departure of the joy, and the peace, and the satisfaction, the confidence in the realization of the presence of God; the present realization of a burning light in her own breast that streamed upon the darkness of the cold waters as she went over, realizing and triumphing in the power of the presence of a triumphant Jesus."

When I talked to her she said, "O, Mr. Bramwell, I don't care now whether I live or die. I have given my husband to the Lord; I have given my children to the Lord; they are all gone, the Lord has got them. I can leave them with the Lord,

real, literal, absolute, unconditional, of all your possessions into the hands. Alas! Jesus, then He will take possession. Will you do it now? There are your children, your business, your time. You man, we want men. You, young woman we want women. We, do I say? Christ wants them! Young man, you ought to be an officer in our young men, you ought to go to the heathen. You officers here, who have given God something, but have not given Him all. God wants all. Shall He have all? I tell you, it must be a real giving."

That dear woman had sung many consecration songs, been to many a holiness meeting, but she had not come up to the point of making a full consecration, and therefore she never had the glory, and power, and triumph, and confidence, and victory that comes from the real yielding of ourselves, and all we are, to God. When you make that consecration, then the power to sacrifice yourself, the power to show forth the death of Jesus, the power to boast in Christ crucified,

The Power to Despire the Shame,

will be yours. That is what made Jesus do it. He came to the death consecration in that garden with the bloody sweat streaming from His precious brow, His heart broken with the world's sin. He went on the ground and said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me—if it be possible, let the world be saved without this suffering—but not My will but Thine be done."

That was death consecration. And then He despised the shame, and endured the cross, because He saw the glory which should be revealed hereafter. Come, this is the accepted time to begin a new life of victory, joy, peace and power. God bless and help you! Amen!

The Abandonment of Self.

Selfishness is the very sap of sin. So strong and subtle is it that the spiritual life of the great majority of Christian men is enfeebled and even smothered by its presence. Their very religion is adulterated by the mixture of this alloy with the precious metals of faith, and love, and joy. Do they pray: some selfish desire strives to be first in all their petitions, rather than the will and the glory of God, and they plead, "My will be done," when they ought to cry, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine, be done." Do they seek souls: selfish honor and personal success creep in. Do they bear public witness to Christ: self here claims to some of the credit which belongs only to the Bleeding Lamb. And recognizing that some deliverance from this mixed and wandering experience is a necessity of any abiding rest of soul, tens of thousands have cried out—

"Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My life's affection, and my life's desire,
Now let one darling lust survive.
In all things—nothing let me see,
But Thine alone, O Lord, be free!"

This life of self and selfish desire, as it is manifest in those whose hearts are not entirely sanctified, will appear in its true aspect if it is placed in contrast with the life of perfect love and full assurance of faith, which is the privilege of every reader of these words. The life of self has its centre in the creature; the life of faith finds its central attraction and anchorage in the Creator. Earth and earthly joys and comforts and prosperities are ever before the one; it is the voice of the human crying out to be satisfied with the human. To the other, God alone appears sufficient. Faith sees in the fulness of God all the soul can need, and she seeks and finds.

The soul that lives the selfish life lives in an ever-changing experience. It attaches itself to the changing elements around it—creature good, worldly advantage, human kindnesses; these things change, and so the unsanctified soul goes up and down also—light and shadow, strength and weakness, the warmth and glow of love and the barrenness and coldness of doubt follow one another so quickly that no rest or peace is possible. In the life of faith all is fixed on God and His favor: all looks in the same direction, and as He changeth not the soul that so lives abides in Him, under His wings, in the secret of His strength, in the holy place of His purity and His presence.

And the life of selfish desire is a life of struggle and conflict. It must be satisfied by laying hold first of this and that passing pleasure, then of another. Some times sometimes lead the soul to God, but often to trust in some poor created thing, some broken cistern of its own, and all life is a weary strife. The soul that lives by

My Covenant.

I Promise I will be True. I will
not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee
for fame or gain. I want to tell Thee,
dear Jesus, that Thou canst rescue me
from sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain,
peace or war, life or death. And I
will also be true to my comrades. I
will try to love and serve them as Thou
hast loved me. I will seek to cover
their faults and forgive their unkind-
nesses. I will pray over their weak-
nesses, and weep over their sins, and so
I shall prove my love to Thee by the
love I bear to my brethren and sisters.

QUOTATION FROM "MY COVENANT FOR 1894," BY MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

I went the third time. This time I was so satisfied that the time of departure was at hand, that I felt I must make a determined effort to get some light and liberty into her soul. I prayed—and prayed again. Still there seemed to be no little response! She wept, her husband wept, the elder children, which I had brought into the room, wept: the comrades who were nursing them wept, and we all wept together. A second hour seemed as if the light, so much wanted, did not come. I was puzzled and did not know what to do. At last I went them all out of the room, and I had some talk with her by myself. I could not understand her, as she seemed to be in such difficulty about something; however, I prayed again with her alone, and left some words of counsel, the best I could give.

When I went again (the visit was the last but one I made), so soon as I got on the stairs which led to her chamber, the door was open, and I heard her saying in feeble tones, which yet were full of life and joy,

"Blessed be God."

As I climbed the stairs I met the nurse,

and it does not matter whether I got well, or whether I die." She triumphed, and went down into the river

With Songs on Her Lips and Joy upon Her Face.

"Ah," you say, "that was a death joy, that was a death glory, that was a death liberty, that was a death blessedness." Yes, right you are; but what brought it? It was a death consecration; it was that blessed letting-go of friends, of time, of husband, of children, and possessions, and life, and death, and embracing the blessed will of God; and saying, "Lord, whether I live or die, Thy holy will be done." Now, what you want is to get the power to make that sacrifice. That is what you want; you need not wait till you come to die.

Our Jesus is the Saviour of the living. You need not wait till the fingers of death are upon your heart, and your time is gone, and nothing but the reckoning day left, you need not wait till then. You can have this liberty now; but you must make the death consecration; you must come to the end of yourself; you must make this

alone, is at rest in God. He who water in life's desert, and is quenched; he has learned the old God is light, and he walks no darkness. He calls the wide sea not more, he has anchored in the of eternal rest—in God Himself.

How more beautiful lessons on this aspect of full salvation can be found than the one conveyed by the following touching allegory, written by a devoted German divine of the fourteenth century. It is supposed to be, in a figure, the story of his own experience.

Dr. Tester's Testimony:—

There was once a learned man who longed and prayed full eight years that God would show him someone to teach him the way of truth. And on a time, as he was in a great longing, there came unto him a voice from heaven, and said, "Go to the front of the church, there wilt thou find a man that shall show thee the way to blessedness."

So thither he went, and found there a poor man, whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt, and all his apparel were three hellers' worth. He greeted him, saying,

"God give thee good morrow." Thence made he answer.

"I never had an ill morrow."

Again he said, "God prosper thee."

The other answered, "Never had I ought but prosperity."

"Heaven save thee," said the scholar, "how answerest me not?"

"I was never other than saved."

"Explain to me this, for I understand not."

"Willingly," quoth the poor man. "Thou wisest me good morrow. I never had an ill morrow, for, as I am hungry, I praise God; as I freeze, doth it hail, snow, rain, is it fair weather or foul, I praise God; and, therefore, had I never ill morrow! Thou didst say, 'God prosper thee.' I have never been unprosperous, for I know how to live with God; I know what He doeth to me, and what God giveth or withholdeth for me, be it pain or pleasure, that I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all, and so I never had real adversity. A man's life consisteth not in the things he possesseth. Thou wisest God to bless me. I was never unblessed, for I desire to be only in the will of God, and I have no given up my will to the will of God, that what God willeth I will."

"But if God were to cast thee into hell," said the scholar, "what wouldst thou do then?"

"Cast me into hell? His goodness holds Him back therefrom. Yet if He did, I should have two arms to embrace Him thither. One arm is true humility, and therewith am I one with His holy manhood. And with the right arm of love, I should have joined with his holy Godhead, and embrace Him; so He must come with me into hell likewise. And, even so, I would sooner be in hell and have God, than in heaven and not have Him."

Then understood this Master that true abandonment of self was the nearest way to God.

Moreover, the Master asked: "From whence comest thou?"

"From God."

"Where hast thou found God?"

"Where I abandoned all creatures. I am a king. My kingdom is my soul. All my powers, within and without, do homage to my Lord. This kingdom is greater than any kingdom on the earth."

"What way hath brought thee to this perfection?"

"Obedience, my heavenward thoughts, my union with God. For I could rest in nothing less than God. Now I have found God, and have everlasting rest and joy in Him."

"Oh, go and learn the lesson of the Cross! And read the way which leads unto perfect truth, who, counting life, and self, and all things loss, have found in inward death the Life of God."

THE LATEST!

The Commandant receives most loyal welcome from his Windsor troops. Glorious time Sunday. Several souls for Salvation. Marriage of Ensign Moore and Lieutenant Corniel Monday night. Presbyterian church gorged. Overpowering time. Tuesday night at Chatham. Marriage of two soldiers in the Opera House. The happy ceremony most happily performed.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND, A.D.C.

Old Whitechapel

FRIDAY NIGHTS'

Again in Evidence.

Apocryph of our Editorial, headed "Hallelujah," in last week's issue, and in confirmation of the strong statement that was then made respecting the Chief of Staff's Friday evening holiness meetings at Whitechapel in '30 and '31, viz., that the spiritual momentum of those meetings was felt throughout the world, we are glad to be able to cite the case of the

Rev. Spencer Walton,

who occupies the very important position of director of the South African Mission, which has seventy churches (or, as we should say, offices), and has carried its operations 1,200 miles into the interior of Africa.

This gentleman has been one of the most prominent speakers at the great Missionary Conference held recently at Toronto, and while addressing a splendid audience in the

Metropolitan Church

gave a good, apocryph testimony to the Army's work. Said the reverend gentleman:

"You ask how I was converted? I will tell you. It was at the Salvation Army. I think God got by the Army."

The WAR CRY, desirous of learning the particulars of this glorious conversion, which has, and is, working much widespread blessing, sent a representative to interview Mr. Walton, at the residence of Mr. Knappe, in Bloer Street, on Monday morning last.

The Rev. Spencer Walton is a young man, of medium height, fair complexion, and looks about thirty years of age. There is nothing clerical in his appearance; on the contrary, he gives one the impression of being just a smart city business man, which is accounted for by the fact, that previous to taking holy orders, he was a merchant in London.

"Come in, come in," said Mr. Walton to our representative, in a bright, cheery style, "make yourself comfortable." Then the reverend gentleman commenced a recapitulation of his Salvation Army reminiscences, which was just delightful.

"I had an excellent training, you know," said he, "in those early days of '80 and '81. That was before the Army had developed into uniform, as you have it now. I know Mr. Bramwell. He was well! never have felt such power in any meetings as there was in those. I have seen outside the doors of Old Whitechapel a string of carriages waiting the return of their aristocratic owners from the meeting; while inside the hall many of those West End wives were broken down by the power of God, and became thorough Christians."

You had been engaged in Christian work previous to your visit to Whitechapel, Mr. Walton?

"Oh, yes; I had had seven years' soul-saving work. I just went there as a somewhat Christian, and at that account, somewhat prejudiced; but Mr. Bramwell's teaching was very pointed, and his speaking most powerful. I went three consecutive Friday evenings, and on the third occasion I surrendered myself all I gave in: I was willing for God to have all His own way with me, and the Army was the best form I now know of a glorious filling of the Holy Ghost—a full salvation."

"Hallelujah!" responded our interviewer.

"There were wonderful happenings in those days," went on Mr. Walton. "An East-end factory girl stood up and just stripped the feathers from her hat. Then the Rev. Algernon Ryder, an Anglican clergyman, whose name you have higher mentioned, got fully sanctified at the Army pentecost form; he went back to his church and set his people ablaze. The Lord told him to warn the fashionables of Rotten Row; so the Rev. Algernon Ryder went down that celebrated parade of fashion in the very height of the season, with a beard at the end of his umbrellas, on which was conspicuously written the words, 'I am saved.' They will not come unto Me that they might have life." The West-enders were so enraged at this that they positively howled at the sight.

"After receiving 'the blessing,' I visited the Army in other places. I was present at the openings of the Grindon and your Clifton Congress Hall. Then, on one occasion I went to Bristol. The Captain was ill."

"Was the Captain 'Happy George'?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Walton, "that was his name—'Happy George.'"

"Dear old George," chimed in our interviewer, "I was his Lieutenant once."

"Ah, where is he?"

"Still an officer in the Army, but I regret to say at the present time very ill."

"Well, I marched there through the streets, and got pelted with cabbages, as was usual in those days. George did his best, but his voice was gone. We had at the close a pentecost-form crammed with pentecosts—(interrupted by our man)."

"You were Captain of the Army that day?"

"Yes!"

"Then I attended the late Mrs. Booth's meetings in Princess Hall, Piccadilly, generally sitting near her on the platform. About this time, too, I had some glorious revival meetings at King's Lynn and Dublin."

You know the Salvation Army in South Africa?"

"Yes; the South African Mission is on very good terms with the Salvation Army. Your Social work there is excellent. The Government, which is a Conservative one, has just granted the Army £1,000 per year towards their Social work."

The Rev. Andrew Murray, Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church, knows the world over through his excellent books, in a great friend of the Army. His eldest daughter is a Staff-Captain in the Army's ranks."

Our representative had risen to go. The little chat was absorbing. All too soon the hall door was reached. A warm grasp of the hand between them.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Walton. "I know Mr. Herbert Booth well. Be sure and give him my love. I intend to call on Birmingham on my way through the States."

Henry Jones of Jesus, who recited some words, will say with the Chief of Staff, "God bless that converted and outspoken servant of Christ, and multiply through him the effects of that baptism received at the old Whitechapel Friday night meeting."

J. C.

A NOBLE PLAN.

THE Social Scheme's a noble plan,

Will you help?

For raising up your fallen man.

Will you help?

Themselves rescued from want and shame,

Will you help?

And set them on their feet again.

Will you help?

The Elevators find them work.

Will you help?

If Christian, Heathen, Jew or Turk.

Will you help?

Each race and creed are welcome there;

Will you help?

We ask you now to bear your share,

Will you help?

Our Shelters find them food and rest,

Will you help?

There many have been saved and blest.

Will you help?

In Rescue Homes, our workers brave

Will you help?

Till hard the fallen come to save,

Will you help?

From downward paths and early grave,

Will you help?

The help that God gives all is grand,

Will you help?

Come, join our self-demying band,

Will you help?

Help us to save keep up the fight.

Will you help?

Seems waste and we will all in bright;

Will you help?

Remember, there is now a man!

Will you help?

COLOR-SERGEANT J. FOWNSHAW,

Liverpool V.L., Southforth.

—From *Darkest England Gazette*.

THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

We want to express our gratitude to the gentleman who recently called on Mrs. Booth, and left her a

Twenty-five Dollar Cheque

for the work among the little ones in the Children's Shelter.

It was very gladly received, for it came to Mrs. Booth as a definite answer to prayer, for some much needed articles of furniture, etc., including the following:—

1 Double Bed (for Officers),

3 Wash Stands,

3 Iron Beds (small),

2 Little Tables,

1 Chest of Drawers.

May the Lord bless the kind giver, who came such a long way through the bitterest cold, to hand Mrs. Booth this donation.



"GYMBAL BILL."

A Soldier's Life and a Soldier's Death.

"Acknowledged by Jesus, confirmed as His son. Transported to glory to sit on His Throne."

OUR ANNOYANCE, Wm. SUMMERS (Happy Bill), who passed away on February 2nd, had a glorious soldier's life, died a triumphant soldier's death, and received a salvation soldier's funeral. Some nine years ago, our comrade was a drunkard, overcome by him. Although of a large disposition, he could not find any peace following his own way.

directed his steps towards the Salvation Army barracks at Riverside; Captain Lewis in charge. He came to but few meetings, before he fell at Jesus' feet, a wounded and convicted sinner.

A brother recently said, "His conversion was a glorious one. I remember it as if it was but yesterday."

He always was himself afterwards, and manifested just as much of that happy, free spirit in the service of God as in that of the devil. His inclination for good speeded his end more.

When tempted and harassed by his workman, his answer to them was "I praise the Lord!" or "Hallelujah!" In the barracks, his love for the converted was so great that he could say with David, "The rod of the brute hath eaten me up." Or while driving his hallday cart, as he loved to call it, through the streets, he had a cheer-up for all. If a sinner stopped on his way, he never got of without saying a word of salvation; in fact, his aim was to spread salvation.

About ten months ago, he fell ill, and through trying circumstances, he did not attend so many meetings as before. Since October, he was

Stricken Very Low,

and no medical assistance seemed to avail any thing.

Gradually he became weaker, and for the last two months was entirely confined to his bed.

His countenance was lit up with the glories of heaven; his eyes sparkled with joy. Many of his old companions visited him; with some were moved to tears as he talked to them of Jesus. Christians went to see him, that they might be inspired.

Once, while I was visiting him, he said,

"From the Lord, from day to day. Things have changed completely round. Since I got saved to the great S. A."

He looked up, saying, "Captain, why don't you say 'Hallelujah'?" A Christian lady turned to him and said, "It may be well for you to say 'Hallelujah!' but we can only say, 'Thy will be done.'"

On the morning of his death, I visited him, and just as he was about to cross over the river, we prayed, "He being dead, yet speaking."

The funeral service was very impressive, as different persons, especially the Rev. Dr. Thomas and Ensign Phillips, spoke of his life and death. The procession, headed by the Riverside band and corps, made its way to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where our comrade's remains were laid beside those of other salvation warriors, who had gone before.

Our memorial service was well attended. Many wept, and the seed sown shall bring forth fruit.

CAPTAIN H. C. BARKER.

FOR THE

Easter War Cry.

WE INVITE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS, OFFICERS, and all persons interested in our Canadian WAR CRY, to send along something to help make the Easter

Number of the CRY the brightest, most sparkling, and best ever published in the Dominion.

Hurry up, please.



Y. W. C. A. HALL

SUCCESS!!

— THE —
Holiness Conventions— AT THE —
Y.W.C.A. HALL, TORONTO, CATCH ON.The Promise of a Mighty
Holiness Revival.

A LARGER HALL IN DEMAND ALREADY.

Commandant and Mrs.
Booth Lead On.

The Y. W. C. A. premises on Elm street are a handsomely constructed pile of buildings. Through the main entrance way there is a pretty, well lighted hall, capable of seating some three hundred people, which is admirably adapted for such meetings as the Commandant and

Mrs. Booth

have been holding there during the Friday evenings of February.

The meeting on the 10th was a glorious one; much prayer had been offered beforehand, and that always ensures power afterwards.

When the Commandant and Mrs. Booth entered the already well-filled hall there was a shout of welcome. A re-adjustment of seats and we were all in shape for a real easy time.

Ensign Phillips prayed that "every heart may feel Thy touch to-night," and the

Bearing Faces

and faithful expressions of many at a close of the convention told how truly that petition had been answered. A re-adjustment of seats

After the Editor of the War Cry had prayed, Ensign Cowan petitioned "that that beautiful spirit You manifested on earth may be manifested in and through us," which will express the whole object of the meeting.

"Then hast the power to lead us,
Then hast the power to keep us,
Take then the heart that now I yield Thee,
Take it for ever Thine—only Thine."

So we sang, while the blessing of the Lord began to fall like dew on Hermon. Staff-Captain Stretton promised obedience for us all in prayer.

The Commandant

and he had a deep sense of the hand of God upon him; perhaps never more conscious of the Divine Presence.

Since first entering this privileged city his heart had been set on conducting a series of holiness meetings that would prove a great blessing, and he hoped this one was to be the commencement of such a series.

The object of the gathering was:

1. To bring all who are strangers to full salvation into the real possession of a clean heart, life, purpose and action, so that there would go out people whose characters would be a credit to Jesus Christ.

2. To increase by mutual intercourse that unity, fellowship, and love, we have for each other.

3. To deepen the

Spiritual Experiences

of all. We all want to be better, to have more backbone religion; more knowledge of Jesus Christ; a clearer insight into God's will, and grace to do that will.

Continuing his address, the Commandant remarked, "God can bring life from amidst the corruption of the tomb, why not a revival here? We were advised to leave our picknicks outside the door."

Picknicks

outside, proper in to be the rule in the meetings. There are conditions to the successful issue of any undertaking, and these would be to this series of meetings.

Illustrated by an expedition to the North Pole. Every person, from the principal officer to ship's boy, must subordinate themselves and their designs to the great object of the expedition. These must be things of purpose and self abnegation to that end. So with us.

Referring to an illustration previously used, the Commandant said: "When we are of one accord, the great

Musician

of the choir, with a Master Hand, touches the keyboard, and makes music to the hearts of the outside perishing world.

Then we were advised that we must let conscience and conviction have fair play. Any pander in a court of law has the right to claim an impartial hearing, and so has the pander for Jesus Christ.

Following these preliminary remarks, the Commandant gave an address on

"Real Religion,"

which was well listened to. He clearly showed that it is *not* mere gifts given merely to *appear*.

Our work, if done for Jesus, will catch the smile of His blessed face; but if done for itself—a mere work—what is it but filthy rags?

Then

Mrs. Herbert Booth

rose to sing and speak.

The writer begs to apologize for so ill reporting Mrs. Booth's words, but really the blessed, happy, glowing, glad influence that pervaded the meeting from the start, had now so increased, that one wanted to

Laugh Outright

with holy ecstasy, and shout hallelujah at the top of one's voice, just to be consistent with one's realization.

We topped down from Mrs. Booth's opening song:

'O sweet word, 'Trust,'

Changing all life's discords into heavenly harmony."

No doubt, wrought to apologize to Ensign James for saying so, but the very piano-accompanied music seems to obliterate when Mrs. Booth is

singing. Touch the keyboard very softly, Ensign, in your next accompaniment, please.

Mrs. Booth

had been too busy with domestic duties to prepare much, but she had prayed earnestly about the meeting. Oh what blessedness there is in Jesus; one look at God does more for us than ages of companionship of our fellow-men. In the Army we are dedicated, but seldom most dedicated too, and the dedication must go all through life. The text Mrs. Booth quoted for our edification was Romans II, 29 and 32. "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly, etc."

He is a Sabbath-keeper who is one inwardly. God once deeper than the clothes. The Lord Jesus Christ was down on those who have only

Externals.

He called the Pharisee more actors, and not true men. Holiness is separation from the evil. We do not need to know much; the apostles were not all learned men, but they became pillars in the Church as through their characters. In the midst of her speaking, Mrs. Booth, on the inspiration of the moment, burst into song; it was a most lovely verse that was quoted, too. The joy pervading the meeting became intense. Although it was very late (about 10 o'clock) the hall was still crammed with people, and even the doors were pushed open to allow the

Sweet Words

to reach those who could not enter.

The net was not pulled in in the usual way, nevertheless an opportunity was made for any who wished to dedicate themselves to Jesus, and while the final song was sounding, two young men volunteered to the front and dedicated themselves fully saved.

If the meetings continue to have in them the influence that descended on this one, the Y.W.C.A. Hall will be far too strait.

With you, esteemed dear, pray that the presence of God may be manifested in the meetings yet more abundantly.

JOHN COWLEY.

RIVERSIDE'S TENTH.

The Amazons to the Front.

FINE CROWDS—SPLENDID MEETINGS

Number One and His Mate Turns Up.

SOME FACTS BY "OBSERVER."

Sunday, the 16th, was a red-letter day in the annals of Riverside corps history. Ten years had rolled by since the first shot was fired here, and now they were celebrating that event.

Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt, Mrs. Staff-Captain Jones, Mrs. Ensign Phillips, and others were the privileged ones to take the field that day.

The business meeting was one of deep, spiritual worth, and we believe many hearts went out after God at this time. The testimonies and reading were distinctly definite, and altogether a most soul-proving time was spent. Hallelujah!

AFTERNOON MEETING.

In the afternoon, two of Headquarters' staff (who, for want of a better appellation, we will call number one and two), turned up to give Mrs. de Barritt and her aide a lift. The afternoon march here has become

Quite an Institution.

and every Sunday the hearts of the poor sufferers, who languish in the wards of the General Hospital, are made glad by the strains of our salvation music. This afternoon was no exception, and although the marching was anything but desirable, we went there just the same.

A well-filled barracks greeted us on our return. Mrs. de Barritt led us off with that old timer, of many memories,

"Come about and sing."

which was sung with

Great Gusto.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Jones having prayed, and a song sung out of the Cry, Number Two was desired to lead the testimonies. Number One smiled; but his mate did his best. A lively chorus was then sung, by way of a preliminary center, and then we had very little trouble to get testimonies; all seemed eager to have a say in the matter, among the number the first convert. Out of the

Ten Lepers Cleaned,

only one returned to give the glory—not so here, though this is the tenth.

there were found not a few who had come up to give all the glory to Him Who had saved them, through the medium of our glorious Army.

Things had loosened up considerably by now, and it was thought a fit thing to do, to have

A March.

so off we went (Mrs. de Barritt leading) around the barracks. We thanked God for liberty and freedom, such as only He can give.

Number One

then read, clenching home the truth by an incident that had come under his personal notice. Captain May, of the Home of Rest, next followed, with song and exhortation. Then Mrs. de Barritt pleaded her Master's cause, urging all to be reconciled to God through Christ. After every opportunity had been given, we closed without seeing any visible results.

The night's meeting was very fittingly preceded by a united prayer meeting, where we claimed the blessing and help to press home the truth to the consciences of that large concourse of people that had assembled.

Mrs. Jewer read to us of the

Free Gift of Jesus,

demonstrating how willing God was to save. Captain May and an appeal was quite in line, and Mrs. Phillips sang to us that soul-stirring solo,

"Oh, ever on to eternity."

Number One was also in evidence, likewise his mate. Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt's final appeal was a strong one; and though we wrestled hard and long for souls, without avail, we left Riverside feeling we had done our

Level Best for all

concerned, believing that at the equaring-up time some will be found who were eternally benighted by our labors there that day.

NUMBER TWO.

MONDAY.

Riverside, having existed ten winters, and as many summers, has just celebrated its anniversary. Captain Banks, who is in charge, decided on having a banquet, and wise man that he is, invited the Brigadier of his Province to be present. Of course, the invitation was accepted, and the Captain duly had some transparencies pointed to that effect, and also announced other officers, some of "move on" fame, and one bearing the stamp of Headquarters. "The times ached, and you can't expect to make it a success," was the cry of more than one prognosticator, but read what follows:

It is a Fact

That a good crowd came to the banquet.

That they were not turned empty away.

That they got what they came for.

That a table for the Juniors was heavily taxed with good things.

That the aforesaid table was not suffered to be taxed long.

That a march followed, and roused the whole neighborhood.

That about thirty children were on the march.

That the barracks was full when we returned.

That it was a startling meeting.

That several officers were seen to dance while we sang the second song.

That a certain Brigadier was guilty of the said accusation.

That, on a fair trial, the platform could produce more testimony than the audience.

That Riverside folks have, and can enjoy a bit of Salvation life.

That the Brigadier's appeal to backsliders was most impressive and convincing.

That it was a red-hot prayer meeting.

That two souls came out, sought salvation, and got it.

That another dance followed, and that everyone felt the glory.

That God is blessing Riverside, and

That He will continue to do so if hearts keep faithful.

OBSEVIA.

CAN YOU WRITE ?

The year before the introduction of cheap postage in England the average number of letters written by each person in a year was three. It is now thirty-six. In 1839 eighty-two million letters were posted. It is now more than one thousand two hundred and eighty millions per year.

TESTAMENTS

At 20s., 30s., 40s., 50s., 60s., and 70s.

BIBLES

Small, medium and large sizes, with and without reference. At 10s., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 35s., 40s., 45s., 50s., 55s., 60s., 65s., 70s., 75s., 80s., 85s., 90s., 95s., and 100s.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER de BARRITT.

GLORIOUS TIMES OF VICTORY.

The Brigadier and Staff-Captain Jewer on Tour.

Of course everyone has heard about the new Province—Central Ontario. Brigadier de Barritt has enlarged his borders with five districts from Brigadier Holland's domain and three districts from Brigadier Scott's. Naturally the first care would be for those officers who, under the new arrangements, would look upon him as their spiritual bishop. So a trip to Hamilton was decided, with a night at Oakville on the way. Accordingly, about five o'clock you could have seen three worthy Salvationists bounding the train at Union depot, viz: Brigadier de Barritt, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jewer.

OAKVILLE soon reached we meet Captain Hardman and Cadet Rose rejecting amidst great difficulties. The night was very rough, no storm had been sweeping over hill and dale all the day; nevertheless a good crowd had gathered to see and hear their new Provincial officer and his A.D.C. The meeting passed off very nicely, indeed; singing, prayer, and testimony bearing the truth in upon the people's hearts and consciences.

When the Brigadier read from God's Word about the humility of Christ's Gospel, I believe many were made to feel as never before that in simplicity, with sincere hearts, they must enter the new kingdom.

The truth was given in the power of the Spirit and must bring forth fruit.
A good prayer meeting followed; then a short soldiers' council, which was very helpful to all.

Next morning we heard the train, and soon arrive at Hamilton. We had prayed, and were believing for a real good week-end, and truly we were not disappointed. This city affords magnificent opportunity for Salvation Army work. A splendid band of soldiers, ready and willing to do anything for Jesus.

At 7:00 o'clock we went for an open-air. The men turned out with their caps; they don't believe in staying in the barracks because full band not present. Such a grand stand for an open-air! Hundreds called to hear the message of salvation proclaimed by song and testimony. Oh, my, we, when Christ Jesus redeemed, at no longer stay by, but raise His banner of love high in street and lane, until all shall know of the power of our Saviour's resurrection.

Some two hundred and fifty people were gathered for the welcome meeting. The opening song went with a swing, then we kneel in prayer, and the song.

"He's the Life of the Valley to my soul."

bursts forth from every comrade's heart; Ensign Aikhead led in prayer.

A song from the WAR CRY follows, the band playing. Then a lively testimony meeting followed, led by Staff-Captain Jewer. Were there any conversions? Well, you noticed when the word was given? I tell you, no; some two and three on their feet at once to tell of God's love and power to save. It was so inspiring to hear one after another speak of what they knew and had experienced in their lives. Mrs. Jewer sang, and accompanied, people helping well with the chorus.

"Are you working, etc."

Brigadier again handled the sword of the Spirit; prayer followed, then separated; each one looking forward to the morrow's meetings, as we were to be reinforced by Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt, who was unable to come to the previous meetings on account of illness at home.

Some thirty came to the feast of love prepared for the King's own at 7 a.m. I was afterwards told there was one good brother present who had not been there for more than three years. I hope he may not grow weary, but continue in the good way.

The small hall was filled for the holiness meeting, which was a real typical one indeed; no stiffness to hinder the Spirit from blessing our souls. So many able to bear testimony to the fullness of the blessing. Brigadier read from Jeremiah, ch. 17-19 verses, and dwelt very forcibly upon it by illustration and truth. Then followed Mrs. de Barritt, speaking from her heart of the depths of love in cleansing and causing her to walk in the path of obedience, which is the path of victory and peace. Some

THREE DEAR ONES

wanted to renounce all sin and consecrate themselves to Christ by a living faith in Him, so forward they came with their invitation. Were they disappointed? Ah, no; they came and went on their way rejoicing. Praise God.

"Comrades meet at City Hall for the open-air at 2:30 sharp," the Ensign cries out. They did meet, and a grand time was realized.

The afternoon meeting gave an interesting account of the work in South America, when

he was in charge of that country, previous to his coming to Canada. The people were so interested, and I am sure will gladly tell the time when their dear leader will be able to come again. One could easily see the people of Hamilton love life and spirit, such as is manifested by real Salvationists. They know how to sing, too, and as Staff-Capt. Jewer taught them the General's new chorus the people caught up the strain most beautifully, singing it on and over again. The more they sang the more they wanted to.

A council with local officers and soldiers was announced from six to seven, as all had to hurry from the afternoon meeting to get a cup of tea and be there in time, for none wanted to miss any of the blessings so freely given to all. Some

FOUR KNEEL FOR CLEANSEING,

and two, who had happened to stray in, weary of holding out against God.

CAME TO THE CROSS.

Truly such a time before the Throne was the fitting preparation for the open-air and night meeting.

The people came early to get a comfortable seat, and before the meeting started nearly every seat was filled. The opening song.

"There is a fountain."

OVER: Ensign led in prayer, followed by Mrs. de Barritt, after which Mrs. Jewer sang a suitable piece for the singer.

The seal of God's Holy Spirit truly rested upon the saints, and the sinners just met and dwell in the truth that was set forth from the lips of those whose hearts God had touched and set on fire for the salvation of others. Brigadier read from God's word, followed by words of exhortation from Mrs. de Barritt and Mrs. Jewer. Then the Staff-Captain pointed in the net, when

ONE AFTER ANOTHER CAME AND KNEEL

at the feet of the world's Redeemer. Such a time as

TWO RETURNED AGAIN

at the Moray-st. Their brother, who had been moved the previous Friday, knelt beside them helping them into the light. Then there was rejoicing as one after another bore testimony to the power to restore the wanderer and set the prisoner free. One would need to have been there to know and enjoy the spirit of liberty that prevailed. Some shouted, some danced, whilst we sang the song of deliverance.

Fourteen meetings, in-door and out-door, were held from Friday up to Sunday night. The Junior meeting held between the hours of two and three, was very useful and helpful. Brigadier had a very nice talk with the Juniors. One class was conducted by a sister of Captain Harrison.

We left Hamilton full of praise and gratitude to God for the way in which He had helped us and in helping those who held the fort, and not only held the fort but only forth attacking the enemy here and there, capturing prisoners for our King.

May God continue to bless and inspire your heart with courage, Ensign Aikhead, and those of your faithful colleagues, Captain Frink, Lieutenant Debie, and Cadet.

K. H. J.

Eleven Souls.

TORONTO III. reports grand victories for the past week. Jews in the Conqueror over self and sin. Bless His dear name for ever.

SIX YOUNG GIRLS

came forward at the holiness meeting on Friday, also one and

THE PREVIOUS NIGHT; ONE SUNDAY MORNING, THREE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Some of them are on the march, singing and singing. Tobacco had to go, too, this time. When this thought had been secured a little piece in one corner of his pocket, God enabled him to give it up. Oh, for a clean sweep of everything. Yes, to come out boldly for the Master's sake. Oh, the need of every one being out-and-out for God. Now an earnest, a fervent tea, a fervent meeting, and our two officers have closed at Lager Street. Our loss is someone else's gain. We trust in God, Who does guide aright. Amen. We tell it to Jesus. He understands all about it. Praise His name ever.—Sergeant M. S. BICKLE, Special Correspondent.

Glorious News of Salvation.

COLLINGWOOD.—Here we are in Collingwood. I arrived here on Friday, February

2nd; met at the station by Captain Brooks and a few soldiers, who seemed quite happy. We had a lively holiness meeting at night, and

ONE CAME OUT FOR SALVATION,

and is doing well. Praise God for ever.

Saturday night's meeting went with a swing, as also did meetings all day Sunday, and

TWO MORE GOT BAPT WITH GOD.

Both Lieutenant White, Captain Brooks, and myself are determined to give no quarter to the devil; soldiers, too, mean a proper lot, and they can dance like Newfoundlanders. This past week has been a glorious one. God has been very near, and

TWO MORE HAVE MADE A SURRENDER,

and there are a lot more who are deeply convicted, and I believe will soon be saved.

God bless you, dear Editor, and may you do much good to scores and to Miss God, to which I give you a hearty welcome. Yours in the holy war.—Ensign D. McANAMON.

Parry Sound.

We are praising God for the victory. Good meetings.

ONE SOUL AND ONE BACKSLIDER

in the fountain.—Captain and Mrs. MARBLE.

The Devil Defeated.

YORKVILLE.—Just a few lines to let Mr. Devil and the world that soul-saving is not altogether a thing of the past at Yorkville corps.

Having arrived here to help Captain and Mrs. Garrett pull down the devil's kingdom, we put our heads together and said that we would have to conquer and Miss God, the devil has been moving out of people's hearts ever since; also our

WAR CRY HAVE MOVED FROM FIFTY-FIVE UP TO SEVENTY-FIVE.

(Halitograph 1.—Ed.)

On Saturday night.

TWO SOULS SOUGHT AND FOUR PARDON

at the foot of the Cross. (On Sunday.

TWO MORE PROVED

that God could save from the guilt and power of sin; and on Monday night, being afraid of neither devil nor snow storm, we marched out; Captain Garrett with a big cow-hell, Secretary Stevens with the big drum, your humble servant with the bottle drum, and Sergeant-Major Coffin with another comrade's machine behind. After a short open-air, we came back to the barracks, where we had a red-hot salvation meeting, in which

A HUNDRED, THAT HAD BEEN DEALT WITH ON SATURDAY NIGHT, TOLDFORHEARD OUT

from the back of the hall, whilst Sergeant-Major was praying, and before long, proved God's willingness to save. We are believing for still greater results.—Cadet A. NICHOLS.

Barrie.

We have had

ONE MORE SOUL

yesterday. Things are hopeful for a successful future. God bless you. District steams again.—W. J. TERNAN, District Officer.

Unbridge.

Praise God, the catch for the past week has been

THREE SOULS.

On Thursday night

ONE BACKSLIDER

returned to the fold. God came and blessed our meetings all day on Sunday. In the afternoon meeting the Spirit of God took hold of the hearts of the married, and when we went into our prayer meeting.

ONE DEAR SISTER,

who the Spirit of God had been striving with for some time.

CAME OUT

and claimed the victory in her soul. Soldiers met in the evening for a prayer meeting at Brother L's, and had a good time, and

OUT ONE SOUL BAPT,

who had grown cold. Came to the night meeting full of faith, and at the close

ONE MORE CAME

and sought the Lord. Many were under conviction, but would not yield.—M. LENTON for Ensign MYLAN and WIFE.

Lindsay.

Victory is the signal this morning, an increase of one of soul-drill.

ONE FORWARD

at holiness meeting. A rounding time at three p.m. A deep, convicting time at night. Result:

THREE AT THE CROSS;

several others wretched on account of their

sins; we shall have them I am sure. We are going in for 12:30 open-air meetings in different parts of the town. We are going to try about, and spare not. Show the people their sins.—Ensign AYRE and Lieutenant CAVERLEY.

Midland.

Fire a volley. Amen! The last ten days God has been blessing us.

FOURTEEN SOLDIERS

and juniors have been out for salvation, and while visiting.

TWO MORE

have prayed the publisher's prayer. Lieutenant has not lost his Newfoundland way of expressing his joy yet, and on occasional days is indulged in. Some of the Methodist friends are hoping to see me get the dancing glory, too, but I have already learned to the Presbyterian, for I'm a Mac.—Captain MCKENZIE.

Orillia.

The fire burns brightly here, thank God. The Holy Spirit has been working, not only in the sinners' hearts, but in the hearts of those who seek to follow Him, and

SEVERAL HAVE STEPPED INTO FULL LIBERTY.

We have had another wave of holiness meetings, and they have been seasons of blessings.

TWO MORE HEAVY LADIES ONES HAVE COME TO JESUS,

and we trust have found the pearl of greatest price. We are in for victory for our God.—Mrs. E. J. WILLIAMS.

THE MODEL ARMY CAPTAIN.

(From the Darkest England Gazette.)

Major Harding, in one of his Social stories now running in the Darkest England Gazette, draws a character sketch of what one would imagine was his model field officer. It is well on the lines of "good will." Oh, for more of such healthily-toned spiritual leaders!

Captain Piper, the new-comer, was, in many respects, both a remarkable woman and a model officer. Here was the "pure religion and undefiled," i.e., of the practical Salvationist spirit. Her conviction was the manifestation of Christ's ideas and power in everyday life was

The Remedy for Social Ills.

Nor was she narrow-minded in applying her theory. To wash a dirty baby, scrub a floor, or help a drunken woman home was as religious to her as delivering an address on sanctification. Her weak point was perhaps a scant patience with sermonizing and high falutin addresses. The average, or above the average speaker, was abhorrent to her. "Talk, talk, talk!" she would cry, "I am sick of it. Take away your penny-farthing sermons about the blessing and your tinzel-wooden anecdotes that you trot out to tickle the ears of the half-religious people who give you a half-crown and call you a wonderful evangelist! Cut it all away, for if you are not in touch with the sorrows and miseries of the poor, with the

Daily Grind of the Sweated Tailorss and matchmaker, with the wail of starving children and the sob of broken hearts, and the ruin of human lives; if these things do not cut their way into your innermost soul, and electrify your heart with the grandeur of a God given opportunity, of what good are you?

Abandoning Tobacco.

Sammy Hicks, the Mickfield blacksmith, one day gave sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him, and could hardly find words enough to express her thanks. He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence can make that poor creature so happy, oh, how many sixpences have I spent in filling my mouth with tobacco!" He made a vow, instantly, never to let a pipe enter his lip again.

Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hicks, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied.

"Then," said the doctor, "if you do not you will not live."

"Then the Lord," then says Sammy: "I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow to the Lord that a pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and it never shall." He kept his vow and lived to be an old man.

Eastern Province.

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

More Victories! Glorious Conversions!

Staff-Captain Tells a Tale.

I left St. John on the small steamer, "Bridge-water," and crossed the Bay of Fundy on my trip to Yarmouth. When we got on the Bay I found things were a little more lively than I expected and I got considerably more than I paid for, which ended in my being very sick; but we arrived at Digby safely, and I took the train for Yarmouth. I was met by Misses Gage. Just half time for some supper, then went to the open-air, which was near the post office. Several brothers and sisters lifted up Christ to the best of their ability; we had a very good crowd, and everything went with a swing, both outside and in. Of course Captain Knight was there, busy putting in the run with his trombone.

At two-thirty, Sunday morning, about twenty-two of us met to sing the "Three for a sin." We commenced work by getting out to the front right away, who got saved, and turned up all the way after. One poor girl not shivering and shaking, and mid the knee she was a sinner, and felt the guilt of her sin, but she had made no real profession in the church she belonged to, and she taught in the Sunday school, belonged to the church League, etc.; that if she were to come out people would think her a hypocrite; so she listened to the voice of men rather than to the voice of God, and went away unsatisfied.

In the holiness meeting

TWO CAME FOR THE READING OF A "CLEAN HEART."

In the afternoon we had a splendid crowd. Everything went with a swing, until the prayer meeting, when the devil came, someone who had a single off, and who disturbed things generally by causing people to look at his foolish actions, and thus taking away the sinners' mind from their state and conviction. Sunday night the open-air was a very impressive one; we had a good number of sinners who had a good crowd, and as the meeting went on it was easy to see the spirit of conviction had taken hold of many hearts. In the prayer-meeting we had the joy of seeing

FOUR SOULS CRYING FOR MERCY.

one man and three women. The young man said he was so convinced of his sin when he heard Brother Allen's testimony that he had to cry for mercy.

Brother Evans, better known as Uncle Joe, was to the front in all the meetings, and seemed to be so full of faith and so happy, he had never been before. After the meeting, Ensign Gage and I went to visit a sick person, and after praying with them we came home, and just as we arrived at the quarters we were accosted by a policeman, who told us that Uncle Joe had just dropped dead in his own house. This was a great shock to us. Ensign and Captain Knight went down to see and found it was true. I understood his funeral was arranged for Tuesday. A report of this will most likely follow.

Uncle Joe was one of the biggest of sinners in Yarmouth, and he had but all his manhood, and he gave his testimony to what God Almighty had done for him. All Yarmouth seemed to have confidence in him, and although over seventy, he was a great help to the corps, and seldom missed a meeting. He had no illness about six months before the several years he had been a sinner. I think this should make some of our younger sinners more determined not to miss a knee-drip. Uncle Joe was an example to young and old. As I left Yarmouth, on the train, I heard two brothers and sisters who had lived a good life and had good homes to leave, and they wished they were only as good as he was. Praise God, He is no respecter of persons, and He is willing to save and sanctify all those who will commit themselves unreservedly into His hands. If Uncle Joe had been one of the greatest sinners, he could not have had a greater influence. This proves how good a power a person might be in spite of sinning, etc., if they were only thoroughly dedicated to God. I understood during the war

THE CORPS HAD HEAVEN GOALS.

I arrived at Digby and found Captain Bennett had made great arrangements for my visit, and had taken care to have everything we had a very fine crowd. Everyone said we were to get in. Ensign Desbriery and Captain Whitman united me in the meeting, and we explained what the Salvation Army was, how it had grown, and how it stood at the present time; we also did our level best to lift up Christ to the best of their ability, and remedy for sin. Several were under conviction, but we had to leave them unsatisfied. I was delighted with the efforts of Captain Bennett at this corps, and am glad to see Captain Bennett is making a move in the right direction, and I am sure he will succeed. Lieutenant Simpson, who is assisting

the Captain in the circle corps, speaks much of his time at Bear River, where he has seen

WRITE A SINNER'S STORY.

and he seems to be very hopeful of this place. I went with Ensign Desbriery to the town from which the great fruit valley of Nova Scotia gets its name, known as St. KAPOLAN ROYAL. I was taken to one of the soldiers, and had a good dinner, and after attending to some business, and supper over, went to the barracks, had some supper, then marched round the town; did not meet a very great crowd of people; however, there were a few around, and after singing salutation to them we marched back to the barracks. Captain Bennett took up the collection at the door, and inside we had a very good time; things were a little stiff, but we got a move on, and the Lord they say is very weak. We finished this service by reading these remarks, which I hope may be a blessing to the town. The officers were busy packing as they were to move to their new appointment. They leave three more soldiers than they found.

On Thursday night, after a terrible trip across the Bay of Fundy, I took the meeting at St. John. This corps has had some very heavy fighting of late, and many heavy difficulties to overcome, but we have just gone ahead and preached Christ and Him crucified, and

SEVERAL SOULS HAVE NOT HATED, AND I ENJOINED MY BROTHERS.

This is quite an advance, and I believe there are better days in store for this corps. The officers have great faith, and the soldiers are going in with whole-hearted devotion.

We are having quite a number of conversions in the town, and the Lord they say is very weak. We finished this service by reading these remarks, which I hope may be a blessing to the town. The officers were busy packing as they were to move to their new appointment. They leave three more soldiers than they found.

Halifax N.

Score you heard from me last, we have had several times. God has wonderfully helped us, and we are greatly encouraged to go on and do His will. Something like

TWENTY HAVE PROPHESIED SALVATION.

and are still in fighting trim. On January 22nd we had with us Staff-Captain Bennett (Brigadier Jacob's second); and a proper good time we had. Staff-Captain read from Luke v. 18, and proved him to be the best of the great need of sin forgiven, but no one would yield. At the close, some of the comrades took advantage of Staff-Captain having a stock of uniforms, etc., to replenish their Salvation Army wardrobe, so that means an order to headquarters, don't it? Then on February 1st, Halifax, I swapped uniforms with No. 11, and we had a good time. I can tell you.

On February 5th, had a united meeting with No. 1. "Don't forget the wedding," has for a week or so, been the cry. When wedding? Why, our wedding! Brother Miller, being serious, made up a number of questions, made up a number of questions, and his choice fell on Comrade Jennie Shorten, and on February 5th, in the presence of a closely-packed and orderly congregation in No. 1 barracks (thirty named for the occasion) Matthew and Jennie were united in holy matrimony. Rev. Richard Smith, a firm friend of the Army, told the spiritual tale, and Staff-Captain Bennett read the Army rules of marriage. The scene was one long to be remembered, especially by those directly involved. The ceremony of No. 11, and provided a private home. No. 11, were very good and brave, friends, and the soldiers; and a joyous time was spent. Another Miller and wife gave their marriage testimony, and then closed an interesting meeting. God bless them both, in our prayer. Then you see, Mr. Editor, we are advancing; the collection is going up, and Captain Alex is, with God's blessing, proving the right man in the right place. Praise God for ever.—SECRETARY.

Lunenburg, N.S.

We are marching on in the strength of God. On Saturday and Sunday we were favored with a visit from Adjutant Manton and Captain Watson. Everybody was delighted to see the Adjutant, and he was the opening officer of this corps some eight years ago, and they all gave him a real good welcome, which made the Adjutant smile. The meetings were well attended, and we felt right through that "I was with you. No one yielded to God. It makes our hearts glad when we realize that people look on getting off the most im-

portant thing in life, viz., their soul's salvation.

On the Saturday night, or early Sunday morning, someone got into the barracks and cut the handle out of the drum, and carried away the drum and did some other damage. We had confidence that they will find them out. Still we mean to fight on, trusting God for victory. Yours in Jesus.—Captain BENNETT.

Liverpool, N.S.

We have had a visit from Adjutant Manton and Captain Watson, and also Captain Leader, from Bridgewater. They spent two nights here. The first rendered by the Adjutant and Captain Watson in the first night's meeting, was especially interesting to a few shipwrecked sailors, who had just escaped a watery grave. The chorus,

"You are drifting, drifting to eternity."

we believe, aroused some sleeping souls. The views of the Social Scheme, which were exhibited, were fairly good, and were well appreciated. We had fair crowds at both meetings, and altogether we spent quite a profitable time.—Lieutenant R. SPENCER.

Fredericton, N.S.

This week has been a devil-defeating time. God has helped us in a wonderful way.

SEVEN CRIED FOR MERCY.

Hallelujah! Officers and soldiers full of the glory, and dancing for joy. To God we give all the glory.—Captain A. RAFTER, for Ensign MATTHEW.

Yarmouth.

Staff-Captain Bennett paid his first visit to Yarmouth on the 23rd and 24th inst. All the meetings were good, but the most results were seen in Sunday night's meeting, when

FIVE SAVED GOD'S FAVOR.

One, said team and wife, said that, though she had been trying to live a Christian life, she had of late been much troubled about her soul, on account of a dream she had had. She wanted to be sure of her acceptance by God.

An old and tried comrade, who was very happy in the meeting, was soon after presented to glory; a wife after entering his home his soul entered heaven. Yesterday the remains were taken to the First Baptist Church; and the Temple of Honor, of which he had long been a member, assisted the Salvation Army in the funeral service. Since last report, about

TWELVE HAVE PROPHESIED CONVERSION.

—AUGUST 94.

Stellarton, N. S.

Praise God for victory! All week we had been fighting the power of darkness without any visible results, but to-night we closed our meeting at eleven o'clock, with

SIX COMRADES FOR THE READING OF A CLEAN HEART, AND TWO BACKSLIDERS SEEKING FORTHWEAR.

God met with them and gave them what they came for. I tell you, it "was good to be there." The devil will have to look out after this. God is on our side, and we shall have the victory. Lots more in pickle, coming over. Lord, I believe.—Captain ALEX HEINLEN.

Chatham, N. S.

We have said good-bye to Sherbrooke, and been warmly welcomed by the people and corps in Chatham, but before speaking of the soldier, we want to speak of the good friend and comrade for men (one of whom is already in glory), and many other Messiahs received in that proverbially hard go, Sherbrooke.

Never have we met with greater kindness and hospitality than in that hard district—a cold corner of dark Quebec, and before turning to report on New Brunswick, we want to remind our friends that the "cup of cold water" (very comforting, and often most substantial) shall in no wise less their reward.

We won't forget Lieutenant Crosby, of Comrade Nor Fisher, Tibbets, and Smith, and the center of dark Quebec, and before turning to report on New Brunswick, we want to remind our friends that the "cup of cold water" (very comforting, and often most substantial) shall in no wise less their reward. We won't forget Lieutenant Crosby, of Comrade Nor Fisher, Tibbets, and Smith, and the center of dark Quebec, and before turning to report on New Brunswick, we want to remind our friends that the "cup of cold water" (very comforting, and often most substantial) shall in no wise less their reward.

And now to Chatham. We were warmly received on Saturday night by a good crowd. Old friends were there, moved and not moved, and backsliders, too, but we are trusting for their salvation. Our circumstances seem just right for a real good work in soul-saving. Ensign McLean has left Chatham in good health, and a good supply of coal and wood, all paid for. God bless him. Captain Pittman is with us in the war, and we are happy together. Trusting to send you the B.C. Reader and War.

Halifax N.

We wish Staff-Captain Howell and wife much joy and happiness on the arrival of a God's (blessed) to the Garrison, who had Ensign Hartley and Ensign Desbriery with us for our Sunday night meeting. Our work is blessed and owned of God. We are in for souls, and we're going to get them. Praise God.—Band-Sergeant CASBET.

Westville, N. S.

We have just had a week of prayer for backsliders. We began Monday night with the "two boys at home," the next night the youngest leaving home, and followed him up all the week; his time spent away from home, and the starting back for home again, and Sunday night is the "prodigal's welcome home;" although the meetings were good all the week, yet it was not until Sunday night, just as we were about to close the meeting, that

ONE PRODIGAL CAME BACK.

and, of course, we had music and dancing. We didn't have the father and son, but they will come later on. This is our second prodigal. Look out for more.—Captain JAMES BOWENING.

Bridgetown on the Move.

Hallo! what's up now? Why, here is a report from Bridgetown. What could get going? Yes. Why, do you know since Captain Jennings and Lieutenant Lorimer have taken the lines, no less than

FOUR SOULS HAVE COME

forward and accepted Christ as their own personal deliverer, and have taken seats on the platform (for which we charge them nothing extra). Oh, by the way, I must tell you, dear old WAR CRY and your readers, about the special musical meeting we had a few days ago. Our District officer, Ensign Desbriery, Captain Johnson and Maud Smith kindly consented to give us a meeting, and a proper Salvation Army time we had. Sister M. Roach, of Annapolis, kept the organ on the move, whilst Ensign, Captain Jennings and Smith kept the guitar or autoharp in harmony, and I believe that all who took part were in harmony with the soul-saving work.

May God keep them on. Captain Maud Smith read the lesson, and laid the claims of Jesus vividly before the sinner; after which, Captain Johnson, Jennings, and Ensign spoke very solemnly the love of Jesus, and exhorted to get people to accept the Christ of Calvary. However, so one yielded on this occasion, but we must believe that good was the result of this meeting; but since this, we have the joy of seeing more than one claim Christ as their Saviour. Since closing this,

FOUR HAVE STEPPED IN THE FOUNTAIN.

Praise God.—JAS. L. DODGE, S. S.

A Musical Genius.

TEURO.—Good times here; souls are coming to the fountain, and the devil's kingdom is slowly and surely falling to the ground.

On Thursday night we had a hallelujah congregation, in which the Truro corps had a chance of displaying their musical talent; we had a regular band-and-fire time, and we are believing for big results.

In the salvation meeting, Sunday night, a sister came to Christ and found pardon for her sin.—COMRADE H. PHINNEY, Special Correspondent.

The Palm of Victory.

We can all afford to lose a saint from this wicked world, and grieve when there goes from our midst any soldier of Christ, whether Salvationist or any other list. The sympathies of every child of God were drawn out over the loss of Dr. Bonnell, the Montreal Methodist divine. He was a staunch friend of the Army, and spoke continually in our favor. Brigadier Dr. Barrett thought it would be profitable to bring before us the chief events in the life of this truly remarkable man; and so, at the Temple, he led a meeting of this description. It was very impressive, and as the career of our departed brother was outlined, we felt more and more the need of devoting our all to the service of God. At the close, we all sang out, and unconsciously burst in God. May He send up many such bright lights as Dr. Douglas.

A TYPE OF JESUS;

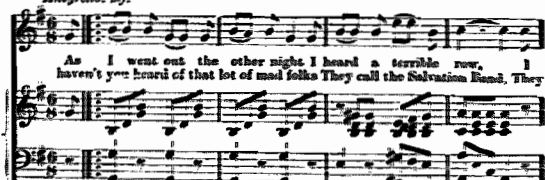
And Very Often of the Salvationist.

Joseph was beloved by his father: was hated by his brethren: was sold for silver; was falsely condemned; was afterwards exalted to honor, and had the stores of the kingdom in his hand; was then revealed to his brethren. What a beautiful type of a Salvationist, in many respects, and more beautiful still, a perfect type of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

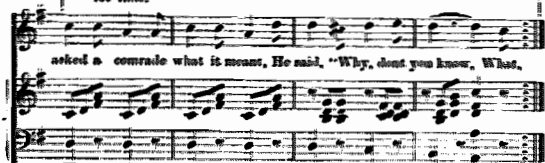
We Join 'Em.

Words by CAPT. NEILSON, Australia.

Allegretto. mf.

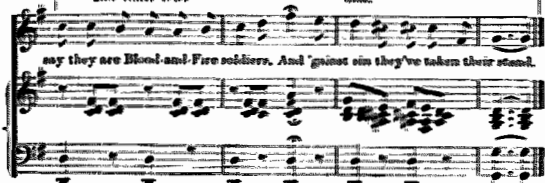


1st time.



2nd time. cres.

dim.



Repeat for second half of verse.

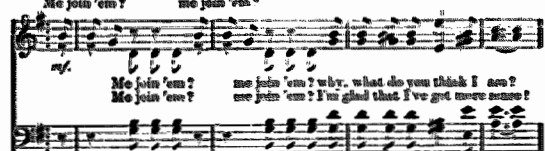
Second half of verse.—

They're just going down to their open-air stand,
So, come, and let's hear what they say;
We followed them down till they formed in a ring.
The Captain told someone to pray;
But they sang, and jumped, and danced about,
Till I really thought they'd gone mad,
When a soldier stepped into the ring, and said,
It was only because they were glad.

Spoken:— I was trying to get a closer look at them, when my mate said to me,
"Don't you get too close to them, old man, or else they will think you want to join 'em." This touched my dignity. The idea of me wanting to join a lot like them. Then said I to him:—

Chorus.

Me join 'em? me join 'em?

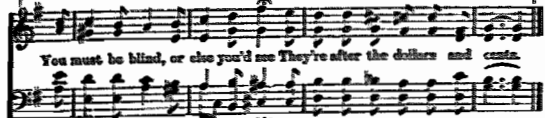


1st time.

Me join 'em? me join 'em?



2nd time. cres.



I listened to what they had to say, intent on having a look.
When some one stepped right into the ring and told how he'd lived in the dark.
"But now," he said, "I live in the light of Jesus and His love,
Who left his glory and kingly crown to win me a mansion above.
I followed them down to their meeting place, the Captain invited me in.
I took a seat well up to the front, suddenly gave out a hymn.
They sang it then 'mid clapping of hands, a soldier led them in prayer,
And prayed for me in such a way that I could do nothing but stare.

Spoken:— My mate gave me a dig in the ribs and said: "My word, old man they have got you set." I said to him: "It's little I trouble about that lot." Said he: "Why, wouldn't you join 'em?" You should have seen the look I gave him, said I:—Me join 'em, etc.

I wished that meeting would come to an end. I didn't like to go out.
My conscience told me I was wrong, and I ought to turn round about.
The Spirit strove with me so strong, I felt that I was lost,
So I took up my cross; determined to have salvation whatever it cost.
Then the Captain came and pointed me to the Lamb that was slain on the tree;
I seized by faith the promise of God—salvation full and free.
I rose to my feet a new made man, with the knowledge of sin forgiven,
I threw in my lot with the noisy crew, and now I am going to Heaven.

And I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,
My sins are all forgiven.
I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,
I'm on my way to Heaven.
For Jesus now I'll live and die,
And tell out the story of love,
How He left His glory and kingly crown,

Contents of this Issue.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE (Illustrated).
DEATH CONSECRATION, by the Chief-of-Staff.
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GOVERNMENT AND MR. BOOTH AT THE
W. W. C. A.
MR. BOOTH AT INCHMARLBOROUGH.
GIVE OF WORLD'S "CRAYS."
SOCIAL REVOLUTION.
"MR. JOE'S MEN."
EPIGRAMS.
NEWS FROM THE TOWN.
SONGS OF THE NATIONS.
REV., ETC.



TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, Feb. 16, 1894.

ANARCHIC METHODS.

A recent issue of the Empire contains the following:—

The great Henry Irving is coming next week, and, notwithstanding the ethical prices, patrons of the Grand and speculators struggled for hours to buy tickets, which the latter sold in some instances at \$15 per seat. That Torontonians can spend \$1.50 an hour while they enjoy themselves in a theatre is the best proof that things in this city are not so bad as painted by certain politicians.

Another column describes a meeting of the unemployed at St. Andrew's Hall, and is headed, "Work or Bread." The following quotation being typical of the resolutions moved:—

Mr. D. A. Curry, in an eloquent speech, moved as follows: "That a deputation of unemployed wait upon the city council to ask them to set aside a certain sum of money with the object of giving the destitute work or bread."

From a third column we quote the following:—

London, Feb. 15.—A loud explosion was heard just after midnight by the keepers of Greenwich Park, about six miles from London bridge. A hasty search led to the discovery of a man mutilated and groaning with pain on the hilltop near the observatory. His legs were shattered. One arm had been blown from his body, and he had been almost completely dismembered. As soon as he became conscious of the keepers' presence he begged them to help him or kill him. He became insensible within five minutes, and ten minutes after being carried to the Seaman's Hospital he died. English and French papers found in the man's pockets showed that he was Martial Poudrin, a foreign anarchist.

A hurried investigation of Poudrin's life in London goes to show that he was a member of a dangerous anarchist conspiracy. He carried with him undoubtedly the explosives which caused his death.

And these are three of the most prominently typical features of the present high civilization. It is a day of superfluous luxury and of painful poverty, with the crouching lion of anarchism in the background, vainly seeking by dynamite and other such physical forces to rectify the wrong. The wonder is, men do not see that the man who to-day would explode a bomb upon a lot of innocent, defenceless people, would to-morrow, had he the opportunity, become the oppressor himself.

SALVATION METHODS.

No! The cause of the wrong lies deeper in man than any physical force can deal with, and it is to the satisfaction of every Salvationist to know that, in seeking the salvation of the individual, the Army is taking the short and only road to the immediate and permanent cure of the world's aching heart of trouble. Selfishness is the pregnant root of every modern social ill; but every man, who gets properly saved, at once ceases to live from the self

centre; on the contrary, his centre of moral gravity becomes the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here is Bill Sikes, the boomer; for years he has lived to gratify his selfish appetite for drink. To gain that end, he has repeatedly robbed his unfortunate wife and ill-clad children of the very necessities of life. From the place where he stands to the horizon all around, he sees value in nothing, only as it ministers to him. But Bill Sikes gets saved. At once all is changed. His own domestic circle first reaps the benefit. From the home, the change radiates outward as far as his influence reaches. The rule of his life is, "Do to others as I would they should do to me." He is rectified as a husband, a father, a citizen. If the misled Poudrin had but yielded to the urging of the Divine Spirit, which in common with all he once had, he might to-day have been in right relationship himself with God and man, instead of lying shattered through the deadly explosive he designed for others, and at the Great Reckoning Day in the Morning of Eternity, he would probably have been found with a balance on the right side, instead of being a bankrupt there.

SALVATION RESULTS.

The Salvation Army has now a network of Social operations in full swing throughout the world, all of which are subordinate, and auxiliary to the real goal at which it aims, viz., the salvation of each individual soul. When Mrs. Herbert Booth, in addressing two thousand of the women of Toronto, at the Countess of Aberdeen's recent meeting, spoke of the Army's Social Work here in Toronto, viz., the Waifs' Home, for friendless children; the Rescued Sisters' Home, for fallen women; the Poor Women's Hotel, on Albert Street; the information came as a revelation to many, and elicited hearty expressions of approval. We refer our readers to the weekly pages of the WAR CRY for further information; but we can assure every reader, that wherever the red goodness and Salvation blue of the Army is worn, there an earnest and LARGELY SUCCESSFUL attempt is being made to deal with the great problems, that from statesmen downward, vex the mind to-day.

EYES FRONT!

Look Out Next Week

FOR REPORT OF

LADY ABERDEEN

At the Pavilion.



MARRIED—

Brigade-Captain Henry Freeman (who came out of St. John's I., Nfld., in December, 1888, and has now the oversight of the Newfoundland Northern District) to Captain Rachel Earle (who came out of Bay Roberts in May, 1889, and was last stationed at Hants Harbor.) At Harbor Grace, on Wednesday, February 7th, by Staff-Captain J. Read.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

MRS. BOOTH

— AT —

The Home for Incurables.

BENEATH THE FLAG WITH THE FIERY STAR.

"Sermons in Stones, Books in the Running Brooks, and God in Everything."

It is impossible to accompany the League of Mercy in their weekly visits to the Parkdale Home for Incurables without a sense of profound admiration for the exquisite system and well-ordered government of this large city institution.

The more often you enter the hall, and tread along the lofty and beautiful corridors, and up the broad stairways, and into the homelike rooms of the patients, the more you become impressed with the prevailing tone of

Quiet Cheerfulness

in spite of the suffering: everything seems to speak of peace and comfort at last, sometimes strangely in contrast to the feverish, rush of the outside world. The singing canticles, the summer-green plants in the windows, the ministering nurses, with medicine-cup or tea-tray; the kindly doctor with courteous thumb and finger on the pulse in the dispensary; all these speak of suffering eased if not prevented.

In the Christmas WAR CRY Mrs. de Harriett wrote of an inmate who has to lie in one position day and night, having done so for the past nine years, in the midst of

Intense and Relentless Pain

and suffering. Knowing little of the Army, except through the League and our literature—of which she is one of the most careful readers—nevertheless, for some time past, she has felt strongly stirred to throw in her lot with us, until finally it was decided that the earnest should be plain.

In a certain sense the League is the child of the Commandant, Mrs. Booth being the first to start the idea in its systematic form.

It was no wonder, then, that Mrs. Booth looked forward to the little ceremony, which we believe is one of the most touching in the records of Army enrolments; profound in its teaching of triumph through the Blood of Jesus, over sin, and pain and death.

Kneeling by the white bed-side of the prostrate sufferer, in a voice vibrating with solemn pathos, Mrs. Booth slowly pronounced the impressive words of the Articles of War. Around her also knelt the members of the League, whilst "the flag with the fiery star," and with it

Infinite Symbolism,

was uplifted above the heads of our leader and our new comrade-sister.

It was difficult to refrain from tears as we thought of those whose vows to march beneath the colors, had cost them even to their life's blood, in many a raging, heliost mob; whilst this sister's feet may never walk, till they "march up the golden street."

And yet such victory, such rest! It felt like the very chamber of peace! Instead of the little four-walled room, one seemed to see, by faith, the pearly gates of the Heavenly City, with its radiance of glory, its bliss beyond compare. Instead of the vases on the shelf of dried red-rose berries and brown autumn leaves, one saw the boundless wealth of the glorious summer coming, and the Land where ever-verdant fields abound, and never-withering flowers. Instead of the

Rows of Stones

and minerals that have beguiled the pain and weary tedium of many a long night-watch—one could only look away to the time when these specks of granite had been rough-hewn from the mountains, or weaved in the mud of the stream, whilst all the time a rainbow was shut up within that unpolished crystal, or the milky white of the rock-crystal. Then what could we do but turn from the markings of the beautiful pebbles of the beach to think again of that country up there "where every grain of that country is one pearl, and the silver of the city was pure gold, as its were transparent glass."

Oh, the color of that city!—with its precious stones and gems—where "the Lamb is the light thereof." Oh, the sapphire, and

The Amethyst, and the Jasper!

How could one help but be impatient to be gone!

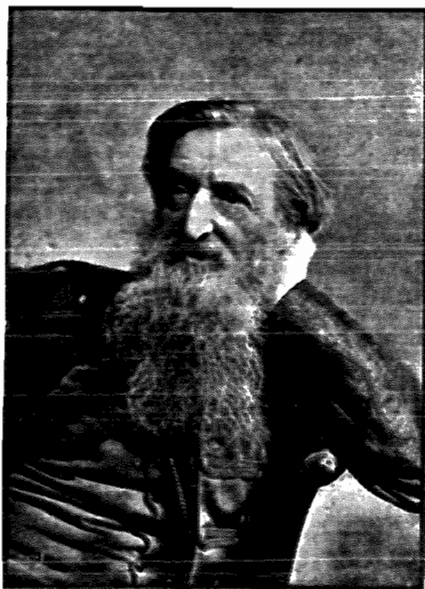
But no—we were still on earth; as one to enter, and some to fight; some for loneliness and agony, and some in the run and the rattle of the battle.

Light on, comrades—still under the colors. After our comrades testified how the Lord and led her by strength, we saw how, when a little girl of thirteen, and

how her own desire was to live for the honor of "Jesus only"; in fact, after everyone in the room had testified—still kneeling—Mrs. Booth again sang, with the tender melody of her own voice and the autoharp. Earlier in the afternoon, at our sister's special request, our leader had sold her own beautiful song from the Christmas Car; whilst all the service through it seemed as if *Jesus* were the language of the whole, so closely were our

Best-Loved Chances

interwoven, with prayer and speech.



This soldier gives his Cartridge Money in every week at Barnett corps, near London, England.

We add a few words of our sister's written testimony, both in prose and verse. It may be in her quiet room she will leave, for our sake, some fragment of God's truth, that in our hurried life we are too busy to catch. It is certain that God does permit victories suffering; so, maybe, in living for "Jesus only,"—in a sense she did not dream—she shall be truly "living for others," according to the motto Mrs. Booth had for her, with her own Maple Leaf badge.

Sister Maria Simpson writes:—

"LOVEY THOU ME?—There are the words of our Saviour to Simon Peter; and they are more the less true for us. Oh, may we mirror from our hearts, so he did. Yes, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!"

It is my earnest desire, my fervent prayer, that God's Holy Spirit may enable me to witness for Christ. I rejoice that He is Almighty; and perfectly able and willing to do it.

OH SON LOVE AND FATHER I BELIEVE.

After a severe attack of illness, lying quietly on my bed, partially recovered, I thought, somewhat dully, how long the time was in getting home to my Lord. The disease is of such a nature, that both my friends and myself fully expected I would have been with Him long ago. Suddenly the clearing thought occurred, "If you cannot get me to Christ, you can send Him your love." So I did—that minute—and instantly He received it in His Throne in Heaven.

Whether in suffering, or service, let us all, everywhere, and our love to Jesus, the burning love of our hearts."

"PRAISE JESUS."—She continues—

Let every mineral, every rock,
Praise Jesus;
Let every tender, green leaf,
Praise Jesus;
Ours, crystals, fossils, all combine
To speak of Him, our Lord and Saviour.
Our hearts can say, "This Christ is mine;"
Praise Jesus.

Let harvest stores, each golden sheaf,
Praise Jesus;
Each blade of grain, each clover leaf,
Praise Jesus;
Forest and woods in tangled mass,
Flowers, herbs, and insects, join to praise
Our Lord, triumphant King of peace,
To Jesus.

Nation, Army, Isle and Ocean,
Praise Jesus;
Shout unto Him, whose grace our portion,
Praise Jesus;
Serpents all that we can trace
Oh, glorify our Lord and Saviour.
Out in His service gladly go,
Praise Jesus.

SMOKING TOBACCO.

There is the story of a lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so much upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up for that purpose during the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied on returning that he could not find it. "Oh," said she, "do look again, it must be there. I have the assurance that it is there, do look again." The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long search he came back,

the great reckoning day that they have already had their reward, and they will miss the hundred fold that God has promised.

"Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

Salvation Songs.

The Only Safe Way Home.

BY KETIE WHITTAKER.

TUNE—Only Jesus will I know.

1 Other ways may seem quite right
To the soul not in the light;
But there's no way to heaven—
Tis by walking in the light.

CHORUS.

'Tis the only safe way home,
'Tis the only safe way home;
Washed in Jesus' precious blood,
Walking in the light of God.

Christian, what'er may betide,
From the path turn not aside;
At the end for all the faithful,
Heaven's gate is opened wide.

Lukewarm Christians, everywhere,
I would say to you, "Beware,
Tis a slippery path you're treading,
And 'twill end in dark despair!"

Sceptic, I would speak to you—
You who scorn God's chosen few;
In your heart, oh, are you certain
Tis a safe way you pursue?

Careless sinner, do not wait
Until you are just too late;
But come, enter you the safe way
Leading to that golden gate.

Fighting For Our King.

BY SERGEANT M. LANG, PETERBORO'.

TUNE—Now the chains of sin are broken: or,
We are out on the ocean sailing. B. E. 74.

2 We are fighting for the Saviour,
Yea, we're fighting for our King:
Fighting 'gainst the host of Satan,
And we know that we shall win.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, Jesus died for me,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I am free, I am free.

We will trust our great Commander
Through the fighting is severe,
For above the noise of battle
Our Commander's voice we hear.

Buckle tighter still the armor,
Victory is our battle-cry:
And where'er the battle rages,
At His bidding we will fly.

King Jesus.

BY CAPTAIN W. CARMUTHEN.

TUNE—Fight for Jesus. ("B.J." 61.)

3 We are fighting for King Jesus,
As Salvation soldiers can;
He does lead us, and does guide us,
And we never suffer harm.
Through the fighting it is hard,
Yet we do not let it regard;
Still we fight, and mean to win,
For Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

We'll fight away, and win the day,
And never will give in,
Though the devil may try his best to daunt us.

For victory is our battle cry,
We'll make the devil fly,
And his majesty we're sure to drive before us.
Fight on, fight on, as you have done of yore;
Fight on, fight on, for Jesus is on before.

Sometimes when we meet the enemy,
And he looks so tall and strong,
And our faith's a little shaken,
Yet we boldly march along.
Right along we mean to go,
Victory is our battle song;
Soon we'll hear the Master say,
"My son, well done!"

In past battles we have conquered,
Through the fight encouraged very hard,
And at times a bit discouraged,
Yet we did not let it regard.
With guns loaded on we go,
And the enemy we'll overthrow,
What the Army of God can do,
While here below.

£20,000.

his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed: "I have found it; but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that it could hardly be seen." The woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

A gentleman once met Mr. Wesley, and told him he was worth twenty thousand pounds, and remembered the time when he had attended one of his (Wesley's) sermons, and put a shilling in the plate, because the pastor had stated the Lord was a good paymaster.

How many have withheld from God and His service that which they might have willingly rendered, and have found that it has slipped from their grasp. The selfish soul shall never prosper.

"All I have I am giving to Thee;
All I have I am giving to Thee;
In Thy steps I will follow
Come, my dear friends,
All I have I am giving to Thee."

What is given should be given from the depths of our heart should be given unto God. There are people who will only give to certain persons, but such will find on

Social Operations.



The Lifeboat, Toronto.

"Weep over the crying one,
Lift up the fallen.
Tell them of Jesus,
The Mighty to Save."

Captain Frank Freeman, of the Lifeboat, writing on paper, containing the following list of branches of the Social Work here in Toronto:

WORKMEN'S HOTEL.
PRISON GATE HOUSE.
COAL AND WOOD YARD.
LARGE BUREAU.
SERVANT'S RESIDENCY.
INQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

gives us the following information:—

The SOCIAL WORK is still thriving, both at the Lifeboat and in the Wood Yard. We keep weekly an average of 650 men, and have given employment to about 150 men during the last two months in the Wood Yard, and we have had some good cases of CONVERSION also.

One man who had drank himself into sin, and got so scared he was going to die, called unto God in his agony that he would not send his soul to hell, and offered us the shorn off his feet for ten cents to BUY WHISKY with, has got saved; yes, gloriously saved, and for five weeks has been telling what great things God has done for him. His face really shined, and the great and marvellous change God has wrought, is nothing less than a MIRACLE.

As we talk to one and another, we find the arrow has reached some, and we are believing for many more before the winter is over.

Oh, yes, wasn't it grand to see so many of us marching down Yonge Street the other night to the Communist's meeting at the Temple; saved and unsaved? No respecter of persons are we. And didn't we look nice in the gallery all together? And would you believe it, they all fired a volley at the Commandant and Mrs. Booth's appearance? Did you hear that VOLLEY, Commandant?

Our friends are rallying up to our assistance in the kindling line, and also in taking our coupon books to help the unemployed.

A LADY writes us: "I have just heard of your system of relief, and it comes to me to fill in a most judicious manner a long-felt need on the part of those desiring to assist the poor. Kindly send at once a book of tickets."

God bless that lady, and help her to make known to others our plan of helping the unemployed! CAPTAIN FRANK FREEMAN.

The Farthing Breakfasts.

PITIFUL SIGHTS.

Increasing Crowds in the Brizzling Rain.

These interesting breakfasts have, during the past week, proved a greater blessing than ever. The cold, dismal weather has intensified the distress in thousands of poor homes, and through the wet mists and rains of early morning, thousands of the bedraggled and half-starved children of the poor have made their way through the squalor of slumdom, to the bright and cheerful Army barracks, there to obtain a little warmth and food, which in too many cases is, alas! all they get during the entire day.

No less than 23,000 breakfasts have been distributed during the last week; but among our friends help liberally, the work

must, we fear, be curtailed. Will our friends, therefore, please remember the poor starving little ones, and

Forward Donations for the Support of the Work.

Refreshing reports reach us from the various centres, where this good work is being carried on in connection with our London corps, telling of the gratitude which has been evoked from the poor starving little ones, for whose benefit the breakfasts were instituted, and the increased sympathy and support on the part of the public.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY CHILDREN AT DRURY LANE.

By the London Slum Secretary.

It was just after seven when I arrived at our converted public-house (the Rose and Crown), in Chancery Lane. It was still dark, the street lamps were still alight, and it was raining a little, but already there was one poor little fellow, bare-headed and dirty, waiting for the doors to open.

At half-past seven the doors were opened, and from then till just upon nine the hungry, ill-dressed, unwashed and wretched children streamed in, until nearly 150 had been fed. And not only children, but several hungry-looking women came to know whether we could serve them with a breakfast. One of them on being told that the breakfasts were for children, only turned to me and said, "Well, brother, I'm glad to see you looking after the poor little ones."

To see the children having their breakfasts is most touching, and often brings tears to my eyes. The hungry looks and actions, the awful dirt, the plainly-written

Marks of Suffering

upon their faces, the ragged clothing, and, above all, the glad look of satisfaction that overcame their faces as they sat their rest and drank the hot cocoa, cannot be described—it must be seen to be appreciated.

They can't understand why we should feed them so, and many of them sit looking at us in open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder.

"Fanny," said one little chap, who had just been in, to another who was standing at the door, "a big penny bun and a big penny mug of 'cocoa,' an' all for a' nothing!"

The following speak for themselves:—"Oh, sister," said a ten-year-old girl, as she left, after a good breakfast, "I feel nearly busting."

"Ah," remarked a big boy in a patronizing way to a little one, "I s'pose they gives you a bit o' bread and just a drop o' 'cocoa'?"

"No they don't," replied the little one, "yer get a jolly big bun and as much cocoa as yer can get outside o'."

When the cold was very intense, and the snow on the ground, a young girl came two mornings. On the second morning she met the Lieutenant with the remark,

"Sister, the cocoa I drunk yest' morning

Kept Me Warm in School

all the morning."

Some of the children are such little mites that their mothers have to bring them along. One of these little mites always cries to come "to 't' Army breakfasts," as soon as she wakes. The mother told me that she is the eldest of three, and she only looked about three, the mother herself seemingly not much over twenty.

One poor little lad hung round the door for a long time. At last I said,

"Here you had your breakfast?"

He shook his head.

"Are you coming here to breakfast?"

Another shake.

"Are you going to have any breakfast?"

Still another shake.

"Why don't you come?"

"Please, sir, ain't got no money."

"How's that?"

"Mother says it all, sir. I ain't got no father, and she keeps on spending the money in drink."

He looked so pleadingly at me that I let him in, although it only wanted five minutes to school-time. He ran in, drank the cocoa up quickly and then tore off to school, literally devouring the roll as he went.

We are believing that our friends and the friends of the poor starving children are going to help us to keep these breakfasts going for many weeks yet; but we must have the money to do this.

Please Send Your Donations Quickly!

SHADWELL.

Rootless, homeless, countless, is the condition of the little mites that attend our farthing breakfasts at Shadwell. It is worth the farthing and see them crowd into our little drum hall. All are invited to come and see.

While visiting from house to house on Friday, I met a poor woman, who greeted me with, "Much obliged to you, miss, for giving my four children a nice mug of cocoa and hot roll every morning. My husband has been laid up for sixteen weeks, and my poor babies would have to go without food had it not been for your farthing breakfasts." Several other poor mothers also told me that very often it is the only meal their children get. Donations will be thankfully received to enable us to continue this much-needed work.

A MORNING AT MILLWALL.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind." Hence the farthing breakfast man succeeded during the early hours of Wednesday in groping his way from the extreme West of London to Malabar Street, Millwall, via Fenchurch Street and West India Dock. Captain Pettit and her staff of ready helpers, among whom special mention should be made of Junior Sergeant Major Clouston, an unmarried man, who delights in washing the eyes and noses, and scrubbing the barracks' floor without fee or reward, are all "early birds," and unitedly they manage to "get steam up" every morning at about seven o'clock, for many of the children, who attend the breakfasts at this centre, have to walk long distances in order to reach school. On Wednesday, all wants had been supplied by eight o'clock, and a quarter of an hour later the barracks was empty. But a

Grand and Blessed Work

had been performed.

The editor had received information with regard to the Millwall breakfasts in an encouraging letter from the Captain of the corps. Writing only a week previous to the visit of our representative, she said: "We are feeding over a hundred really needy children every morning. A great many come with very little clothing upon them, and no boots or stockings on. They wait at the doors long before the time to open them. When we took the tickets to the school, the teachers had the movement with delight, and said the cheerful little ones would be. Thank God! we are also winning them to our meetings through the breakfasts, some of them children who have never been to a Sunday School before. We supply them with rolls, six ounces in weight, with currants. Some of them ask to take a little piece home to their mothers, who, with their babies, have nothing for breakfast. Among those who attend are mere babies, who are too young to walk, and their brothers and sisters carry them. One little fellow has been coming to get cocoa ever 'to me him strong.' He says he has been ill, and that his mother is too poor to give him cocoa for his breakfast. This is

The Only Substantial Meal

some of them get all day."

Our reporter was not only able to confirm Captain Pettit's statement in every particular, but from enquiries made of the children at the barracks on Wednesday morning, and subsequently at a few of their homes, he ascertained that the movement is producing an immunity of good at Millwall, and that in no district throughout London, is there a greater need for these farthing breakfasts. The number who flock to the barracks is daily on the increase, and on Wednesday, relief, in the shape of rolls and cocoa was dispensed to no less than 188. It is satisfactory that the funds have enabled the work to be carried on to so large an extent; but here, as elsewhere, contributions are urgently needed, so that more necessitous cases may receive attention. The motley crowd of boys and girls assembled on Wednesday morning last, contained not a few whose sparse clothing and pinched faces gave abundant evidence of excessive poverty. And what bitter stories were related to our reporter!

A girl of thirteen, in rags, holding by the hand a dot of three, who were vainly endeavouring the rolls which their

Tiny Fingers Could Scarcely Clutch, stated, with tears in her and eyes, that her



father had had the misfortune to break his ribs a week before Christmas, and had not been able to do a stroke of work until two days ago. Mother had been taken ill, and had been carried off to the workhouse, and she, as the eldest child, had been obliged to do the best she could in looking after the whole family. "But," said the poor girl, "I have found it very hard and very trying work, with scarcely a copper to help us, and hardly any clothes to put upon the children's back. Father had a sovereign some time before Christmas, and he has been making it go as far as he can. We have had hardly any food for days together, and then breakfasts are the best that we can get, and have been all that we have had some days, except a bit that aunt has sent us along."

Another distressing case was that told by a girl of twelve, one of a family of nine, whose father, out of employment, received three shillings a week, and a shilling's worth of meat from the parochial authorities, and upon this, with other trifles from charitable sources, parents and children, had to subsist for the past month or two. Two beds "accommodated" the whole family.

The work at Millwall is full of interest and encouragement. The farthing breakfasts are greatly appreciated alike by the parents and children. Contributors to the fund may rest assured that many, many homes have been made glad, and many hearts lightened, and many appetites appeased by the introduction of this blessed movement into one of the poorest districts of the Thames.—*Harvest England Gazette.*

(From the Philadelphia Weekly Press.)

THEY DO A GOOD WORK.

Salvation Army Methods Among the Poor and Repressed.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Cleaning the Idle and Filthy, Feeding the Hungry, Clothing the Bare and Striving Sinners to the Cross.

The character of the work being done by the Salvation Army in Chicago calls out from the *Harold* a four column commendation. Some of the incidents cited and illustrations of life in the Army are copied:—

They often go into saloons and speak to the men gathered about the bar, or the stove. They are seldom rebuffed. Now and then an angry bartender orders them out, and when they do not go he will put his hand on their shoulder and push them out. But he is never brutal. Sometimes they get a foothold, for they glory in hearing the mild rebuff. They then talk civilly and earnestly for the few moments they may have. They sing if they think it wise. And they often

KNEEL DOWN IN THE DRINK

and the midnight and offer up prayer. One night a man officer in the Army was going past a saloon when he heard the sound of women's voices singing within. He stopped a moment to listen, for the song was one familiar in the Army. Presently the singing ceased and low, earnest speech succeeded. After a moment a rough-looking man came out.

"Who is it?" asked the Salvationist.

"I don't know who it is, but I'll be — if they ain't good women," was his hearty though irreverent reply.

Sometimes they go to places even worse — the brothels with which their territories are filled. Here is an incident.

A WAST OF PURE AIR

陳永發、陳冠中小說、電影、雜文、時評

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION

¹¹ Around the house opened a big garden, a large one. Roman and Paul began to work in the garden, and the

Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

United States.

TOO LATE.

BY EDITH PALMER, CORNELL, MICHIGAN.

TUNE—Home, sweet home.

1 "Some time," said the lad, "a Christian life I'll try.
I'll give God my heart, before I come to die;
But this life's so gay, and the world is so bright,
That although I would like to, I'll not come to-night."

CHORUS.

"No, no, not to-night,
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

He went from the hall, and he made his way home,
While still Jesus pleaded and begged Him to come;
But he said: "There is plenty of time yet for me,
And some time in future a Christian I'll be."

SECOND CHORUS.

"No, no, not to-night;
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

Alas! for his boastings—in vain were they all,
That night the Death Angel upon him did call;
His soul was required, and he must pay the cost—
He died with the words on his lips: "I am lost!"

THIRD CHORUS.

"Lost, lost, I am lost!"
He died with the words
On his lips: "I am lost!"

Now sinner, dear sinner, do not tempt this late,
Oh, come to the Saviour ere it is too late;
Oh, think of his doom, and come and get right,
While pardon and mercy are offered to-night.

LAST CHORUS.

"Come, come, come to-night,
While Jesus is pleading,
Oh, come, come to-night."

India.

FOR ONE AND ALL.

BY HENRY MAJOR F. R. CUNLIFFE, CALCUTTA E.

TUNE—In evil long I took delight.

2 For one and all beneath the sway
Of Satan's cruel rod,
The Christ of Calvary gives to-day
Sweet freedom through His blood.

CHORUS.

God is good, oh, bless His name:
He saves from misery,
Makes old hearts new, and holy, and true,
And keeps eternally.

It comes by faith on His dear Son,
This gift of love so great;
Open to all, refused to none—
So now no longer wait.

If in this world you to Him turn,
And serve Him with your might,
A rich reward you'll surely earn,
When faith is lost in sight.

South Africa.

SEEK HIS MERCY NOW.

BY WILL MAXFIELD.

TUNE—Sweet Bells Make me.

3 Stagger, then art drifting on,
Every chance will soon be gone;
To the feet of Jesus come,
Seek His mercy now.

CHORUS.

Back to Jesus pressing,
Claim salvation's blessing;
Freshly pardon's offered thee,
Come to Him just now.

Why speed on against the light,
On toward eternal night,
With the judgment throne in sight,
There to meet your doom?

Hasten to the precious Blood,
Cleanse from Calvary's crimson flood;
God through Christ will make you good,
Come without delay.

A New National Anthem.

Insert *English Gazette*, 10th AUGUST 1914.

Mr. D. Richardson, of Newmarket-on-Tyne, who recently visited the Haffrich Farm Colony, mentions that in his English translation of the hymn, "God help the poor," which was a well-known newspaper cutting, apparently nearly a century old. It contained a short poem, entitled, "God help the poor," and concluding:

Barren enormous life
On the community
Hard to endure!
But the poor workman's pay
By tax is taken away
From the star'd family.
God help the poor!

Great God, the poor befriend,
Let Thy right arm defend—
Thy strength is sure,
Aid on our rights to get,
And in our land maintain
Freedom for Englishmen.
God help the poor!

The Long Suffering of Love.



"Charity Suffereth Long."—I COR. XIII. 4.

It is a story recorded in Jewish books, that when Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down: but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God: at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked Him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored Me; and couldst thou not endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, says the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

"Go thou and do likewise," and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

Australia.

ON BETHLEHEM'S PLAINS.

BY THE POETING BLACKSMITH.

TUNE—Christ is off. ("B.J.," 107.)

4 On Bethlehem's plains, at midnight's hour,
An angel bright and clothed in power
Unto the shepherds called—
"Behold to you this day is born
In manger mean, of lowly form,
A Saviour, King of all."

CHORUS.

King of kings, and Lord of all,
He came to die for all;
King of kings, and Lord of all,
He came to die for all.

The heavenly glory shone around,
The shepherds stood on hallowed ground,
While angel voices called.

Glory to God and blessings then,
Goodwill and peace on earth to men:
They praise Him one and all.

Then in the manger near the inn
They found the Saviour, Who for sin
Was born to die for all.
Then praises raise they every one
To God, Who sent His only Son
To suffer once for all.

He spent His life in doing good,
And telling sinners how His blood
Would soon be shed for all.
He healed their sick, the dead He raised,
And deaf and dumb His goodness praised,
And then He died for all.

On Calvary's cross behold Him die,
The sun is darkened, and the sky
Is covered with a yell.
Oh, come and take a clearer view,
He hangs upon that cross for you;
He dies, but once for all.

England.

HOLINESS.

BY S. R.

TUNE—Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge. ("B. J.," No. 51.)

5 Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now;
Christ now waits to make you holy,
Breathe to Him your solemn vow.
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
From all sin, and self, and pride;
Venture on Him, venture fully,
Plunge into the Crimson Tide.
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Now from every sin be free;
Millions have received their freedom,
Surely He has died for thee.
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Victory have through Jesus' blood;
Though the past has been a failure,
Venture on the living God.
Claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now.

SECOND CHORUS.

I've deliverance,
I have got deliverance now.

New Zealand.

WHAT AWAITS ME.

BY E. H. HEATLEY.

TUNE—Just before the battle; or, Turn to the Lord.

6 Loving Jesus, have I grieved Thee?
Tender Shepherd, have I stayed?
Have I, Lord, through sin displeased Thee?
Have I let my first love fade?
Am I but a poor backslider,
Feeding on the husks of sin?
The once felt joy, 'tis true, has vanished,
I have now no peace within.

CHORUS.

Will He heal the broken-hearted?
Will He set the prisoner free?
Must I die in awful bondage?
Down, dark doom awaits for me.

Loving Jesus, oft I wonder
When I think of things above;
Something fills my inmost spirit,
Telling me I've lost my love.
Can it be that I, a sinner,
Could so far in sin have strayed?
I am but a poor backslider,
I have let my first love fade.

Pardon, pardon, loving Jesus!
Speak Thy word to my soul;
Once again my vows renewing
I am coming—make me whole.
Pardon all my past backsliding;
Holy power, dear Jesus, give;
Make me, Lord, a mighty blessing;
For Thy glory I shall live.

SECOND CHORUS.

Now He heals the broken-hearted,
Now He sets the captive free;
Now I rise to greater conquests,
Jesus gives me victory.

Canada.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

BY W. BERTHE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—He took me in (B.J.)

7 I once was shut outside the fold,
And doomed to die there in the cold;
My garments were all stained with sin,
I cried to Christ; He took me in.

CHORUS.

He took me in.

For long I wandered o'er the wild,
Away from home, an erring child,
Till Jesus sought me where I strayed,
And now from all my sin I'm saved.

All my years of sin and woe
Are gone for ever now I know;
My soul with rapture now doth sing,
Since Jesus found and took me in.

East Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Great Enrolments Under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

"Under the Blood-and-Fire flag,
Under the Blood-and-Fire flag;
Brave deeds have been done,
And great victories won,
Under the Blood-and-Fire flag."

Farwell Report.

PETERBORO.—After about ten months' fighting in the Peterboro' District and corps, orders came to farwell, so first of all I started off around the District to have a farwell meeting at each place.

TWENTY is the first on the list. Saturday, Sunday and Monday, we spent a good time together. God blessed us in a special manner. Captain Moffat and Lieutenant Spriggs have done a good work here. On the Monday night we

ENROLLED FIVE NEWTONS.

Next place is **CANBYFELLOWS**. Capt. Beckwith placed me here, and we went in for a real time of rejoicing; had a good crowd, and one young man gave his heart to Jesus. Captain Burrows and Lieutenant Wilson have had the joy of seeing a real revival in this place.

NEXT to ALDENVILLE, the Indian village. We drove forty miles in the cold, up in a high wagon to visit this place, but felt repaid before the meeting was through. These people are very kind, and the fire is burning among them.

NEXT we came to **NOBNOB**. Capt. Churchill and Lieutenant Wilson have had a hard fight, but they do not feel discouraged. The march and meeting were good, but no souls.

From here we return to Peterboro' for our farwell meetings. God gave us a good finish. In most

EVERY MEETING SEEMING WERE CRYING FOR NEW-Y.

The last Sunday afternoon we enrolled twenty under the flag. There has been an old-time revival in Peterboro'. Praise God, the fire is still burning. This is a proper Salvation Army town. God bless you, comrades; we expect you to be loyal, and to fight till Jesus comes. God bless Peterboro'; we bid you good-bye, and pray that God will reward you for all your labors.—**BRIGADIER T. COOPER, Captain J. BROWN, Lieutenant H. CRAWFORD, C.O.F.**

Peterboro'.

We have got into harness here, and are "in for victory, and praise God, we are having it. Yesterday was a grand day.

ONE OUT FOR FULL SALVATION is the morning, and

THREE FOR PARADISE

at night. Last Sunday's converts are doing fine, besides the

ON THAT CASE OUT

in the meeting.

ANOTHER MAN WENT HOME AND GOT INTO BED, BUT WAS TO REMEMBER ABOUT HIS SUEL THAT HE COULD NOT SLEEP UNTIL HE GOT OUT AND CRIED TO GOD FOR SALVATION.

He slept all right after he had settled up with God. He was on the platform last night. The soldiers here know how to give a follow a proper welcome, and a burning into the bargain. Foreign Combs has left things in good shape, and there is every prospect of a blessed season of soul-saving work.—**BRIGADIER ALEX. MACDONALD.**

Port Hope.

In my last report from Port Hope, I was saying that there was a rift in the clouds. Thank God, this week we cannot only say that the clouds are breaking, but we can say of a truth that we have had the joy of seeing the clouds of sin washed from

ONE SOUL.

by the precious blood of Jesus. Hallelujah to the Lamb! God is indeed giving us the victory. Some may say one soul is not much, but we believe in hand-picked fruit.—**Captain SMITH and Lieutenant BUCKHAM.**

Good-bye, and How-do-you-Do.

PICTON.—Captain and Mrs. Savage have said good-bye to their much-loved comrades and friends of Picton; but they (Picton) did not forget to give their comrades a proper

good welcome. God bless Picton. Since taking charge.

FOUR SOULS

have been out for salvation, and

THREE FOR THE KINGDOM

of holiness. We praise God for this victory. Lieutenant Carter and myself are in for greater. Hallelujah to Jesus!—**H. C. KENNELL.**

Six in the Fountain.

CORNWALL.—We are morning on. Saints and sinners are being moved. Praise God.

Thursday, the comrades had the pleasure of meeting our new District Officer, Adjutant Taylor; also on Friday, Captain Brindley and Lieutenant Boardwell. We are going in with our officers to work and live for God. Our meetings are well attended, and souls are being saved.

Sunday night, two previous souls came out for salvation, and are now rejoicing in a glorified God.

Monday, while the officers were out on rounds of visitation, a sister got saved.

Saturday night, we had a musical meeting. The barracks were filled, and the interest great. At the close of the meeting, three volunteered for salvation. Oh, it is grand to see the eternal God come forth to help us, and we realize more than ever that we have an object in life, and that it is to live for Jesus; that we may grow and be formed and fashioned spiritually, according to God, while here below.—**Yours for Jesus, —LESTER GANTHER, Special Correspondent.**

Morrisburg.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We have not seen much result from our labor during the past week, and yet we believe that there have been results that we have not seen, for we see larger crowds at our meetings, and the people are getting more interested about the things of eternity. We have not seen that long-looked-for revival in Morrisburg, and yet we believe it is coming, for we saw one comrade say good-bye to the discouragement devil and go down to do his whole duty in the future. Pray for us that our faith did not.—**ERIN WHITEHEAD.**

Montreal.

Our first week at Montreal has been a blessed one; we have enjoyed ourselves very much; best of all, we had the joy of helping

NINE LOST SOULS TO CHRIST.

and trust they will all be true to their vows. God bless them! Lungs are brightening up a bit. We are going in to have a soul-saving time while here. Officers, handmen, and soldiers are all in for this time. Hallelujah.—**J. S. MACLEAN, Ensign.**

Napereon for God.

Blessed week of victory. Soldiers full of fire.

EIGHT SOULS FOR SALVATION.

Bound to win.—**SPRING HILL, JACK, leading.**

Pembroke.

The past week has been one of blessing, and God has manifested His power, the outcome being three souls out for the blessing. Sunday was a week-end-up time; soldiers getting the glory in their feet, and by God's help, saved.

THREE SOULS

into the fountain. Glory hallelujah!—**Lieutenant BEN GIBBS for Captain CARRISON.**

Point St. Charles.

Praise God, to-day fresh Point St. Charles still alive, and going in for victory. A few

SOULS ARE COMING OUT FOR SALVATION.

and under Captain Holman we are believing for many more. The devil is not dead by any means; neither is the power of God any the less, so you will hear from us again with better reports than ever. Our soldiers are determined to kick the devil and sin. We never will give over, we never will give in. Yours for God and His kingdom.—**W. GOODALE.**

The Mitrailleuse

Speaking spiritually, "AT-RISK" and "DANGER," mean about the same.

—||—

The Gospel for WEALTH.—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter heaven."

—||—

SELF-DENIAL WEEK is attracting the attention of everybody in the United States.

—||—

A CIGAR maker was recently converted at Madison, and immediately gave up the business.

—||—

A Cleveland, Ohio, RUBBER DEALER presented No. 1. corps of that city with a piano.

—||—

A San Francisco boot and shoe company has given the Army ONE HUNDRED WATER-PROOF COATS.

—||—

"Our policy for 1894 will be the same as ever.—ONLY MORE SO."—*South African War Cry.*

—||—

If you want to have power to lead others, learn to control the man who wears your own hat.

—||—

There is no virtue in doing what we have to do. Even the devil will behave himself when he is chained.

—||—

Yest!—The dollars annually paid THE AMERICAN FULTON are 20,000,000. The dollars annually paid the American saloon, 1,200,000,000.

—||—

Of making many books there is no end. 6,292 NEW BOOKS and editions were published in Great Britain during 1893.

—||—

Dietetic Reform.—PEA SOUP and HERRING BEANS are causing the popularity of tea and bread-and-butter at Whitechapel.

—||—

The many people pick a convert to pieces instead of cheering him. CONVERTS WANT KEEP-IT, and old drunks, fly-blisters!

—||—

A religion which costs us nothing, and considers in nothing but hearing sermons, will always prove at last to be a useless thing.

—||—

Armenian, Bengalee, English, Gujarati, Hindustani, Hindi, Marathi, Singapore, Swedish, Tamil and Turkish tunes are used in an Indian Division.

—||—

During 1893, in the English Metropolis, no fewer than thirty-one deaths were recorded upon which coroners' juries had passed a verdict of "STARVATION," or "Accompanied by Starvation."

—||—

Sir Andrew Clarke used to say, "The Divine scheme of His God to PLACE IN ME FOR ALMOSES, and that healthy people who drink, did so, not for utility, but for sensual gratification."

—||—

This is how a correspondent refers to a SHEPHERD THROTTLE before her conversion: "One night her husband met her at the door with a poker and threatened to blow her brains out."

—||—

Wanted, World-Wide Imitations!—The Amsterdam Town Council have lent us a building for another shelter, and sixty poor Dutchmen are putting up conversions. The Burgomaster (or Mayor) has given £5 towards the expense.

—||—

The Corps Commemorative ROOM MARKS victories commemorated. Major Jephthah Maltby reports a splendid break, with two hundred sinners seeking salvation, thus bringing up the total to over a thousand!

—||—

The second number of the Cincinnati Search-Light (Major Conans, editor-in-chief) is a decided improvement on the first. From it we learn ELEVEN CHILDREN were recently saved at a Juniors' meeting at Cincinnati II.

—||—

Some of the field officers, who breakfast poor children each morning, have felt compelled to HELP CLOTHES THEM. The improvement in flesh and suits of some of the bigger ones, has resulted in their getting work to help the parents better support younger children.

In the first fifteen centuries of its history, there were 100,000,000 converts to Christianity. In the next three centuries there were 100,000,000 more, but in the last century there were 210,000,000 more; that is, more in one century than in the previous eighteen centuries.—*Joseph Cook, Boston.*

—||—

The Printing News says:—"Those who pay still exceptional as to the Army methods should peruse the report and financial statement for 1893, and note the PRACTICAL and CONSERVATIVE MEASURES by which the Army seeks to get upon their legs and re-convert those who have been trodden down in the disastrous fight for a subsistence."

—||—

A certain field officer, in India, visits every house in his village every day, and prays in each house. If the inmates of any house happen to be out, and the door shut, he kneels in front of the door, and prays that God may bless and save them wherever they may be.

—||—

Somerville doesn't want the Salvation Army parading the streets. Somerville must be a place where beer is sold and all sorts of wicked things are done, and the SIMPLE SELF-DENIAL of the Christian foot soldiers is not relished in comparison. Or, perhaps, there are too many hags singing with soprano aspirations in the ranks. That sort of thing, with its own accompaniment, is a true hand on the nerves.—*Taunton, Mass., Gazette.*

Trading the "War Cry"

FOR THE

"BUFFALO EXPRESS."

DEAR WAR CRY:—

I saw a request for WAR CRY selling incidents in your columns, so I send a few. Although we have no S. A. corps here now, we got a small bundle of WAR CRY sent every week, by the sale of which we are "holding the fort," and believing to advance the kingdom of God on earth as well as in heaven.

Last Saturday I sold one WAR CRY in the first hotel I called in; the next place I called at was a barber's shop, and there I sold three more copies. In the second hotel I went into I found a news-boy trying to sell two copies of the WAR CRY; upon my asking him how he came by them, he told me that the young man to whom I had sold them in the barber's shop had traded the WAR CRY to him for a copy of the Buffalo Express.

"God moves in a mysterious way," were the words that came to my lips, and praying for God's blessing on the lady who had traded off the WAR CRY for a worldly paper, I went on to the third hotel, where the proprietor's wife told me she couldn't buy a CRY because the weather was too cold. Asking God to warm her heart, I turned homeward, and called at the fourth and last hotel on my "war path." Here the proprietor, noticing my voice was hoarse, took a WAR CRY round to the people and asked them to buy, and bought one himself to give to a man who said he had no money. Two weeks ago a man bought a CRY from me whilst I was in the Central Hotel, and when I passed through the bar-room last week I saw the man again, and he said: "I got a WAR CRY from you last week, and my missus took a power of good out of that paper." Another man standing by his roadside said: "I'm not a Christian, but I am going to be one some time, and I'll have a WAR CRY." Begging him to decide for God right away, I went on my way praying God for the opportunity He gives me of service, especially of selling the WAR CRY.

I may say just here that my husband and I are members of the Methodist Church. My father, two sisters and a brother are fighting under the S. A. flag in the Chesley corps. Our youngest boy has inherited some of his grandfather's S. A. spirit, for he says he "wants to grow a real 'Salvation' and wear a red shirt." Gratitude to God for personal blessings was the reason my oldest boy (aged ten years) began to sell the WAR CRY a year ago. At first it was hard work, but now we have lost all thought of the cross in the joy of God's service. I always read the CRY through first myself so as to be able to honestly recommend it to the people I meet. God bless you.

THE WAR CRY SELLERS OF DUBUQUE.

West Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

A GLORIOUS BATCH OF REPORTS.

HALLELUJAH !

Guelph.

"Flying Squadron" to the front all day Sunday. Fearless meeting. Pentecostal songs concerted.

SIX MONTHS

at the evening meeting crying for mercy. Glorious liberty of spirit: much blessing—Adjutant Archibald.

SIMCOE.

WANTED FROM EVERY READER OF THIS REPORT A NEW HALLELUJAH !

JUST DELIGHTFUL !

"Dear Mother,—Re our first impressions: Ist. That the devil was here, and that he was awake and alive to his interests, from the fact that some of his followers were on the pier about the time they were going to have that night. At the quarters we met Ensign Ayre and Captain Huntington. Both impressive, then Ensign Ayre looked more like being in but then going to a meeting, having a bad attack of asthma just then. But he told me he is never bothered in the meetings. He led the meeting that night, and

FOUR MONTHS

professed conversion. 2nd impression, that Ensign Ayre had things going right, and that it was going to be harder work to take up another man's work that was booming, and keep it booming, than to take up a good cause and make it boom. I felt my weakness, but I threw myself on God.

I am pleased to say the work is going on just as nothing had happened: soldiers and people have led with our way of running meetings tip-top, and souls are getting saved.

SIXTEEN SEVENING VANDON, AND SEVEN CLEARING.

in the last week. Platform too small to hold the soldiers and converts. Marches increasing in numbers, and to-day we are cleaning out the gallery, which has not been used for

a long time, to accommodate the crowds. The Holy Ghost is working, and many people are under conviction.

God has done a wonderful work in the quarters, too, this past week. Captain Woodington, who has had glasses for years, and was very near-sighted, has received proper sight through prayer and faith, and the glasses are thrown away. He was also troubled with dyspepsia very bad, and nervous debility; going around in great pain, and could not do much; he is

ENTIRELY CURED BY FAITH IN JESUS, and in the meeting last night you would have thought he never had been sick.

More next week. *Ben Jones*—A. Cam, Kingston.

Stratford.

Since you last heard from this place, God has been helping us in a special manner. Captain Orchard, late of India, was with us Saturday and Sunday, and gave us a grand talk. Over 200 people gathered in the barracks Sunday evening. Altogether we had a grand time, and finished up the week with

FOUR MONTHS' BAYED.

including two backsliders.—Captain E. L. E.

Cheesley.

Still the war rages, and victory crowns our efforts. There is a general advance in this place. Soldiers are getting filled with the old-time Holy Ghost fire. Our service has been cured, and still there is more to follow.

ANOTHER SOUL HAS BEEN CONVERTED to God, and

WAR CRYERS ARE ALL SOLD OUT

every week; so look out for another increase when our Lieutenant arrives. Yours to conquer.—Captain T. M. McLeary.

The Use of Alcohol.

In 1830, a declaration was published, signed by Sir B. Brodie, Sir James Clark, Sir J. Eyre, Dr. Marshall Hall, Dr. A. T. Thomson, Dr. A. L. Vire, the Queen's Physicians; Professors Partridge and Quain; Mr. Travers, Mr. B. Cooper, and twenty-eight other leaders in medicine and surgery; in which it was stated:—

"An opinion handed down from rude and ignorant times, and imbibed by Englishmen from their youth, has become very general, that the habitual use of some portion of alcoholic drink—as of wine, beer, or spirit—is beneficial to health, and even necessary for those subjected to habitual labor.

"Anatomy, physiology, and the experience of all ages and countries, when properly examined, must satisfy every mind well informed in medical science, that the above opinion is altogether erroneous. Man in ordinary health, like other animals, requires not any such stimulants, and cannot be benefited by the habitual employment of them, large or small: nor will their use during his lifetime, increase the aggregate amount of his labor. In whatever quantity they are employed, they rather tend to diminish it."

"Hence he is in a state of temporary debility from illness, or other causes; a temporary use of them, or of other stimulant medicines, may be desirable; but so soon as he is raised to his natural standard of health, a continuance of their use can do no good to him, even in the most moderate quantities (yet such as by many persons are thought necessary); and, sooner or later, prove injurious to the human constitution without any exception."

A second declaration, signed by more than two thousand of the most eminent of the medical profession, and which has already been referred to, was published in 1847.

It stated that:—
"Perfect health is compatible with complete abstinence from all intoxicating

beverages; that all such drinks can, with perfect safety, be discontinued, either suddenly or gradually; and that total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Yet a third declaration was drawn up in 1871, on the suggestion of Mr. Ernest Hart, and signed by two hundred and sixty-nine of the leading hospital physicians and surgeons, including Sir George Thompson, Sir Thomas Watson, Sir H. Holland, Sir William Ferguson, Sir James Paget, Sir Reid Martin, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Duncan Gibb, and Sir James Mackenzie.

"This document contained these words:—
"The undersigned, while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed, as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past."—From "Review of the Churches" for January.

GLORIOUSLY TRUE.

As when you reckon with your creditor or your host; and as when you have paid all, you reckon yourself free, so now reckon with God. Jesus has paid all; and hath paid all for thee! Hath purchased thy pardon and holiness. Therefore, it is now God's command: reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin; and thou art alive unto God from this hour! Oh, begin—begin to reckon now! Fear not! Believe, believe, believe! And continue to believe every moment; so shalt thou continue free.—Rev. JOHN FLETCHER.

Then Last I Entered My Life.

BY A PRISONER.

Jesus, Thy name hath created thrill,
And doth my heart with music fill
More precious than they
That merely tell of earthly joy,
Of pleasures that decay or cloy,
For Thine name bliss without alloy,
In realms of endless day.

It saves the lost, makes strong the weak;
Its power is found by those who seek
Thy face with true desire;
For all who ever came have found
That grace must freely doth abound,
Have been with loving kindness crowned,
And sealed with holy fire.

And Thou my life, Lord, hast redeemed,
When sought but dire destruction seemed
My sure and certain lot;
And now, O Lord, my voice I raise
Above the black and gloomy days,
In grateful accents to Thy praise
Who hast my pardon bought.

May all my life be spent for Thee
Who art me from destruction free,
And may I hopey win
Some precious soul, dear Lord, for Thee,
For it my greatest bliss will be
To help some weary sinner free
His heart from load of sin.

CITY PURITY.

An American newspaper has been airing the views of public notabilities as to how to make New York City better. Mrs. Ballington Booth, the wife of the American leader of The Salvation Army, in the United States, made the following sensible contribution:—

"Bring religion down to an everyday business standard, instead of allowing it, for selfish reasons, to be observed only in the regions of ceremoniality, which God never intended it should inhabit."

The religion of Jesus Christ as set forth and lived out by Himself is the only hope for humanity either in the individual or community, and it is the most sincere, unselfish and transforming influence on earth."

If every Christian in some lived so in truth in this great city there would very soon be found ways and means to make New York's hell-hole pure.

It should not be forgotten that Society is made up of individuals, and that you cannot better it by one stroke, but that patient, untiring, personal work must be done with each member before the whole can be improved.

As the poverty, fraud, keeping of disreputable houses, paying of starvation wages, committing of crimes against the innocent, are all accounted for by the individual, and are the outcome of the wicked heart of the individual, the only way to solve the problem of "How to make New York Better" is to strike at the root and bring to bear upon the individual an influence sufficiently powerful to change the heart."

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

A significant item in one of the corps reports, draws attention to the desirability of soldiers wearing uniforms. A soldier of some seven years' standing has just ordered a cap, and the information comes with the order that this is the first article of uniform he has thought fit to wear. Salvationists, of all people in the world, ought not to be afraid of showing their colors, and the question arises how far this man's usefulness has been impaired through his neglect to conform to the uniform-wearing habit of his companions in the fight. A soldier tells us that he was first induced to wear the colors of his profession by a timely mail received at the hands of an unconverted man with whom he was dealing about his soul.

"Who are you?" said this man, speaking to him.

"Oh, I am a Salvationist," was the reply.

"Well, then, why don't you wear uniform as the rest of them do?" was the pertinent retort. "I believe in a man showing his colors!" and the Captain happening to come along at that moment, the unconverted soldier of morals patted him on the back and said—"This is the sort for me, a fellow who shows what he is to the world, wherever he goes."

Needless to say, the soldier was taught an invaluable lesson on uniform-wearing, which he now desires to pass on, for the benefit of other comrades.

Facts About Folks.

Major Vian in doing a double-barrelled wedding at Marton.

Mrs. Commissioner Carleton has been Promoted from Sergeant of the Punge corps for seven years.

It is true that Captain Parsons, of the Pennsylvania Division, has been summoned to the rack above.

When Charles Kingsley lay dying, one who bent over him, heard him whisper, "How beautiful God is?"

Miss Bessie officers volunteered for Beacon Work in India at a meeting led by Colonels Nicol and Cox, at Mare Street, on Friday.

Mrs. C. M. Walker in contributing to the *Darkest England Gazette*, the life story of her great aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the "pioneer of prison work."

Colonel Bellamy, and Colonel Mrs. Lawley have been appointed the Ward Sergeants of Lordship Lane, Wood Green.

Joe, the Turk, has been imprisoned no fewer than seventeen times since his conversion, in connection with his Salvation Army work.

Adjutant Robertson, in challenging Staff Captain Lord, says, "The Home Office Province is to outstrip London in Junior Soldier numbers, perfection of organization, deeds of local officers, numbers of children, etc."

"On our travels," says Guard Docherty, "we come across plenty of men who are out of work, and plenty of others who are in work on low wages; but the wages of sin never seem to rise."

Colonel Nicol's latest feat: Trained to Sheffield on Saturday, took part in opening campaign, wrote reports on pages 11 and 12, have interviewed thirty officers, and reports, "Ward system taking root; Juniors, ditto; devil will have to look out!"

We learn with sorrow that Mrs. Captain Woodward, late of Illinois, has had to lay down the sword, but with joy realize that she has taken up the crown and harp in the better land. Captain and Mrs. Woodward were in England, on furlough, when the death occurred.

Adjutant Mamed says: "Give much time to reading and meditating upon the Holy Scriptures, and as our Master in the desert replied to all the temptations of the enemy by quotations from the Book, so we also should seek our replies from the Bible. It is an arsenal for all kinds of weapons against all dangers and all enemies."

Adjutant Brangle writes: "The Swedish corps was opened in Portland, Wednesday night. Mrs. Brangle writes me: the hall was full, that there was much interest, though the snow. She says also that the faith of the officers is high."

The General says: "The inference of To-day.—Talk about Dante's hell, and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture-chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and with bleeding heart through the shambles of our civilization needs as such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror."

Colonel Rahani (Miss Lucy) intends doing a series of meetings in Bombay. The Colonel's rapid movement and heavy programme brought forth the remark from a South Indian Editor the other day, that if she continued to work at this rate the Colonel would not be long on the battle field. "Whatever you do, don't die," was the advice given to the Commissioner by a Missionary friend some years ago. Forget not to pray for the Colonel, that God may in every way be enough for her.

About Brother Halliwood: "Pegging away at his desk, writing out in longhand from his shorthand notes took up a considerable portion of his time to be written out later on, one of Headquarters' workers may nearly always be seen adding to the already large number of epistles he has written. Since he started, some twenty-seven years ago, this good brother has handled the pen of a ready writer in the dispatching of something like 300,000 letters. Quite true, these have not all gone out under the Army crest, but they have been doing this for quite a long while now, and the end is not yet. The Commander is likely to send out, at the least, another 300,000 letters, and his secretary, Brother Halliwood, is the man to write them."

